BRUISER

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

BY

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FADE IN:

1 INT. CREEDLOW BEDROOM - MORNING

A CLOCK-RADIO kicks over from 7:29 to 7:30.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
...cause I'm pissed off! What I wanna know is...why aren't you?

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
I AM! I am royally pissed, caller. Same as you and everybody else.

A MAN'S HAND uses a remote control to power a bedroom entertainment center. The same RADIO BROADCAST comes over a SET OF EARPHONES that hang from a hook. The man clicks off the radio and puts on the earphones. CREDITS ROLL.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
You're not the same as me and everybody else. We're just regular guys!

THE MAN, naked except for his earphones, does exercises on the bedroom floor, his body visible only in SILHOUETTE.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
I'm a regular guy.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
Gimme a fu(beep)in' break. Nobody pays me for my opinion.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Nobody pays me for mine! They pay me to get you stirred-up enough to call up and give me YOURS!

2 INT. CREEDLOW SHOWER - MORNING

STEAM rises as THE MAN'S HAND adjusts the volume on a WATERPROOF RADIO. THE BROADCAST continues over CLOSE-UPS of his well-toned body as he lathers up.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
My old man. He was a regular guy. Paid taxes till he dropped. Cancer.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
I'm sorry.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
Yeah, like you give a sh(beep)t!

3 INT. CREEDLOW BATHROOM - MORNING

THE MAN steps out of the shower. We still don't see his face. He tunes a RECEIVER over the sink as he dries off.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
(Snappy) Apparently there's nothing I can say that's gonna make you...

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
Make me what? Feel better? I'll tell you how I feel! I feel like sh(beep)t! I feel like...like...

ECU: A stick of POLO SPORT deodorizes the man's underarms.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Like what?

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
Like fu(beep)in' killing myself! And I'm ready to do it, I swear!

ECU: TOOTHPASTE, amorphous and white, oozes onto a brush.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
You're...(chuckling)...ready to kill yourself. Not on the air, I hope.

ECU: FOAMING BRISTLES scrub a perfect set of white TEETH.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
If I wanna do it on the air, I'll do it on the air! Right here and now! I...(Beat) I have a gun.

The toothbrush FREEZES in mid-scrub.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
You're joking, right? (Silence) Sir? You're not really going to...

SHOCK CUT TO: VHOOOOMMM! The nozzle of A CONAIR 1600 whips the wetness off thick, sand-colored hair.

HOST (CONT'D, O.S. FILTER)
I think we lost the guy. I tell ya, it takes all kinds. Sixty-six, WQRZ. Last chance before I take another call. Sir? Sir?

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
(Angrily) DON'T CALL ME 'SIR'!

3 CONTINUED:

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
HE'S BACK!

THE MAN turns off the hair dryer to hear the radio better.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
You don't give a sh(beep)t whether I live or die and you're calling me sir?

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
What should I call you? Asshole? Okay...get to the point, asshole. We wanna know what makes a 'regular guy' want to kill himself on the radio!

ECU: A RAZOR scrapes away stubble on a billow of foam.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
My old man drops dead, that's the point. He leaves me his house. Forty years he's in that house, and it's all he's got. He leaves it to me and what happens? Inheritance tax! Land Tax! School tax! You're-lucky-to-be-alive tax! I...(sadly)...I lost the place. The bank sold it out from under me.

ECU: A PUMP NOZZLE sprays cologne over the man's skin.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Am I allowed to say I'm sorry?

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
You wanna feel sorry for somebody, feel sorry for my old man.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
I do!

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
You don't! For you, the world goes on! For my old man, it's finished! (Beat) You spend a lifetime working, paying what you owe, doing what you're supposed to do...but you can't leave your house to your only child! What kind of mark have you made? What have you left behind?

CREDITS END as...KER-TCHUNG! The door of a medicine cabinet closes. The man in the bathroom, HENRY CREEDLOW, looks at himself in the mirror, and we see his face for the first time.

3 CONTINUED: (2)

Brown eyes, symmetrically set. Aquiline nose. Youthful skin. Henry's features are photo-model-perfect, yet they offer no indication of character, no hint of emotion.

CALLER (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
You shovel sh(beep)it all your life, and you don't even leave a mark? What are you? You're nothing! It's like you might as well never have bothered! Might as well never have been here!

Henry's hand slowly rises...holding a CHROME-PLATED PISTOL. He digs the barrel into the soft flesh under his chin.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Look. Sir. I fully appreciate...

KA-BOOOOOOM! The top half of HENRY'S HEAD EXPLODES! The wall behind him turns RED.

HOST (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
...I appreciate your frustration...

Henry...looking perfect again...snaps out of his fantasy.

HOST (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
...but, heh, you're not really gonna...

ECU: THE RECEIVER over the sink. PFOOM! A BLAST rattles the speaker, followed by a LOUD THUD that speaks finality.

HOST (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
J-Jesus...Sir? SIR?

Henry stares at his reflection...shaken by what he has heard...and what he has seen in his mind's eye.

4 INT. CREEDLOW BEDROOM - MORNING

HENRY enters the bedroom. His wife, JANINE, lies asleep on her side of the bed, the blanket hiked up over her legs.

HENRY
(A whisper) Babe? Janine?

No reply. Henry looks down at his wife's perfect body.

HENRY (CONT'D)
God, you're too...too...

He leans down, almost reverently, and kisses Janine's thigh. She stirs. Henry remains bent over her until she lies still again. Then, he rises and tiptoes over to...

4 CONTINUED:

...a wooden valet, where a stylish black suit hangs neatly. Fastidious and deliberate, Henry plucks a hair from the cuff of the trousers before pulling them on.

JANINE
Christ! Is it morning already?

Henry looks over at her, startled.

HENRY
I'm sorry. I woke you.

Janine slams a pillow over her head.

JANINE
Shut the drapes.

Henry draws the curtains across a window that looks out on a row of townhouses built for the young and upwardly mobile.

HENRY
Go back to sleep. I should be home... regular time.

JANINE
Mmmm. (Then remembering) No, we're supposed to go to the thing.

HENRY
(Clueless) What thing?

JANINE
The thing! The barbecue! Jesus, he's your boss, Henry! (Squirming) Did you shut the drapes? I still feel light on my face.

HENRY
Oh...(noticing)...it's the er...

Henry switches off a bedside lamp. The room goes dark. Gathering the rest of his clothes, he starts into the hall, but pauses at the door and looks back at Janine, wanting to express a thought. Should he speak, or let her sleep?

HENRY (CONT'D)
(Softly) It's incredible. Some guy...I think some guy just killed himself. On the radio.

JANINE
It takes all kinds. (Sitting up) Shit! Now I'm awake. Wide awake!

5 INT. CREEDLOW FOYER - MORNING

HENRY finishes dressing in the downstairs foyer, checking himself in a mirror. JIGSAW, a female Labrador, glances at him, then looks away with complete indifference. Henry has to climb over her motionless body to get to the front door.

6 EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - MORNING

HENRY walks down a hill in the dim morning light. His footsteps ECHO on the pavement. THE STILLNESS is shattered by the engine of a CAR, which ROARS up alongside him.

DRIVER
Why walk when you can ride, my friend?

HENRY
(Recognizing the man) Jimbo.

7 INT. LARSON'S CAR - MORNING

HENRY gets into a silver BMW that gleams with superiority. The car quickly takes off again. The driver, JAMES LARSON, is dressed stylishly, a young shark as slick as his car.

LARSON
New ride. Sweet, huh?

HENRY
Cool.

CLOSE ON: A BLINKING INSTRUMENT PANEL...A CD PLAYER as Larson pumps up the volume...THE REAL-WOOD BALL atop the stick-shift as Larson's fingers caress it in a moment of foreplay...before he jams it in. VROO-VROOOOM! Larson takes 25 mph curves at 60, 65, 70. Henry is terrified.

LARSON
The Ultimate Driving Machine!

8 EXT. SUBURBAN TRAIN STATION - MORNING

THE BMW pulls into a railroad station. HENRY gets out, breathing a sigh of relief. LARSON locks the car, notices a smudge on the hood, and wipes it clean with his sleeve.

LARSON
Always wanted one of these babies. Cost me a bundle, but I tell you... some things are worth it. Best money I ever spent.

8 CONTINUED:

Henry helps Larson drape a full-body cover over the car.

LARSON (CONT'D)
Keep plugging, man. Maybe you'll score one for yourself someday.

CUT TO: A VENDING MACHINE. Henry inserts a quarter and takes out a newspaper. Before he can shut the door, Larson grabs a freebie from the stack inside. Without comment, Henry starts across the platform toward OTHER COMMUTERS.

LARSON (CONT'D)
So...I dumped Consolidated.

HENRY
Outstanding. Westerman?

LARSON
Sold, but you took a bite on it. Graves. Up three-eighths from what you paid for it...against my advice. You did okay on Stimper, too, up one-and-a-quarter.

HENRY
So...I should get...?

LARSON
You already got it. It's in your Dreyfus. Twelve and change.

HENRY
Twelve. I was hoping for...

LARSON
Bad timing. Market's in the toilet.

HENRY
Mmmmm. (Disappointed) My luck.

LARSON
What, you think I short-changed you?

HENRY
NO! Of course not, I just thought there'd be more. I, heh...I always think there oughta be more.

LARSON
Commissions is all I take, Henry. I wouldn't take those, but I work for a company... Shit! You get a report every month!

8 CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY
I know, I...guess I should be paying more attention. Janine keeps track of the finances.

LARSON
(Irritated) Maybe we shouldn't be doing it this way. Friendship doesn't always mix with...

HENRY
Stop it. Who better to trust with your money than your oldest... closest...

THE RUMBLE of a TRAIN drowns out Henry's voice. Commuters surge forward as the cars stop along the tracks. Henry, who was in front of the pack, gets jostled to the rear. Larson, more aggressive, manages to push his way on-board.

LARSON
(Calling back) Meet me at the club, okay? Call Betty to set it up.

Henry gets to the first step of the car. A MAN shoves him aside. A WOMAN uses his jacket to yank herself forward. Enraged, Henry turns on her, wrestling her to the platform.

The train starts to MOVE. Henry forces the woman's head out ONTO THE RAILS...where tons of slowly rolling steel CATCH HER HAIR...HER FLESH...TCHUG-tchug-tchug...

Henry comes out of his reverie. The platform is deserted. The train is about to pass him by. He leaps on, barely making it.

9 INT. "BRUISER" MAGAZINE OFFICES - MORNING

HENRY walks into the RECEPTION AREA of "BRUISER" MAGAZINE.

HENRY
'Morning, Rita.

Not bothering to look up, the receptionist, RITA, focuses on separating the plastic flap from her coffee lid.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You ever listen to Larry Case?

RITA
No, but Frank told me. Some asshole blew his brains out. I tell ya...it takes all kinds.

10 INT. "BRUISER" EXECUTIVE LOUNGE - MORNING

HENRY enters a long room where a table is set with bagels and coffee. YOUNG EXECUTIVES mill around, wearing various styles of black. There's an eerie sameness to them all.

HENRY
'Morning. (No one responds.) Say, did anyone happen to hear Larry Ca...

BREED
You watch Elsa Klensch last night?

MARIAH BREED, a tight-ass, far too satisfied with herself, ignores Henry and steps closer to a FEMALE EXECUTIVE.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE
The Deevers collection? God! The last creative idea that rip ever had was to go out and get himself a breast implant.

BREED
A friend of mine knows him, like, really well. She says he wanted tits so he could see how his clothes would hang on a person with tits.

ROSEMARY
G'morning.

ROSEMARY NEWLEY approaches. She's in her mid-30s, pretty without trying to be, dressed unpretentiously in jeans and a flannel shirt. Her smile is sweet and unaffected. It melts Henry's heart.

HENRY
Rosemary. What are you doing here?

ROSEMARY
November cover. Milo asked me to come up with some new faces.

Rosemary takes out a stack of eight-by-ten transparencies and begins to clip them to LIGHT-BOXES that line the wall. The lights haven't been turned on yet. All Henry can see is a row of ghostly phantoms.

HENRY
Which one's your candidate?

ROSEMARY
I think Milo's gonna pick this one.

10 CONTINUED:

Rosemary holds up a transparency. Henry takes it. Bits of emulsion catch the light, but the image remains inscrutable.

HENRY
I'll put her up on number seven. My lucky number.

ROSEMARY
You haven't even seen her.

HENRY
(Clipping up the transparency) Don't have to. I'm going on faith. Your pick is my pick.

ROSEMARY
Henry, I didn't say she was my...

MILES STYLES, 48, strides in, wearing chinos, sandals, and a varsity jacket. He's the magazine's editor-in-chief.

STYLES
Hope you got the goods, babe.

Styles kisses the air near Rosemary's cheek as he moves to the front of the room. Everybody hushes.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Bruisers...we've been payin' three-hundred K. for a face...just 'cuzz it has heat. That's bullshit. We make heat! So from now on...(he looks at Rosemary)...my wife has the cover.

A murmur from the crowd. Rosemary is quick to clarify...

ROSEMARY
Wait, I'm not gonna be *on* the cover.

STYLES
You oughta be, babe. We'd knock 'em dead.

Laughter. Even a bit of applause.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Rosie's our best shooter. She knows class when she sees it. I asked her to pick twelve faces off the street.

Styles starts down the row of light-boxes, turning them on. The faces of BEAUTIFUL WOMEN are illuminated, one by one. Styles doesn't look at any of them.

10 CONTINUED: (2)

STYLES (CONT'D)
I haven't seen 'em yet. In a minute, I'll look. In a minute-and-a-half, I'll pick November's cover girl.

A DOZEN light-boxes are aglow. Styles ignores them.

STYLES (CONT'D)
That's the way I do things. On impulse. That's the way I want you kids to do things. Those Lima Beans hanging between your legs? Those are 'balls'. (He starts to unzip his fly. Stops) No, I, er...better not show off, you might faint.

Laughter. Styles zips back up.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Tomorrow morning, I want you all to do a little...self-examination. And don't gimme the excuse that you're a dame. If you find nothin' between your legs, stay home. If you find a set of Lima Beans, come to work.

BURTRAM
(Whispering) Yeah. And get fired.

Henry turns to find TOM BURTRAM, another black-suited young man, standing beside him.

BURTRAM (CONT'D)
Show any kind of balls around here, you get a pink slip.

Styles gestures to the light-boxes, still not looking.

STYLES
Twelve candidates. Who do you like?

Silence. No one's willing to take a chance.

STYLES (CONT'D)
(Hissing) I said...who do you like?

HENRY
(Bravely) Number seven.

Rosemary looks at Henry, shaking her head.

STYLES
Who said that?

10 CONTINUED: (3)

HENRY
Here. Er, Henry? Henry Cree...

STYLES
Right. One vote from 'Henry' for number seven. Who else?

BREED
(Cautious) Maybe...number twelve?

MALE EXECUTIVE
(Less cautious) Number...three.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE
(Bold) Ten. It's gotta be ten.

Styles finally turns to the light-boxes, studying the faces. His hand shoots out and RIPS number ten from its clip.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Not hungry enough. (Ripping out number three) Seen it a hundred times. (Number twelve) Cold. Yesterday's pizza.

Styles continues down the line, dropping transparencies on the floor, until only TWO are left, numbers SEVEN and NINE.

STYLES (CONT'D)
I've narrowed it down for you. Who do you like now?

HENRY
I'll stick with number seven.

STYLES
Who said that?

HENRY
Henry. (Beat) Cree...

STYLES
'Henry'...

HENRY
(Softly, to himself) Creedlow.

STYLES
...is sticking with number seven! I have to admire him. It's because I admire him that I can be honest enough to tell him...his taste is in his ass! Number seven is a skunk!

10 CONTINUED: (4)

Styles rips the transparency from light-box number seven and drops it on the floor.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, people, what are you, all blind! Look! Look at THIS!

Styles jabs a finger at the face of number nine, the last model on the wall, a beautiful ORIENTAL GIRL with a sultry pout.

STYLES (CONT'D)
This is a *bruiser!* She's perfect! What is she, Rosie? Chinko or Jap?

ROSEMARY
(Flinching) American, Milo. She was born here. Her parents are Vietnamese.

STYLES
Whatever. Any kinda Nip on an international cover? Shit! It's gonna be a first!

Murmurs of enthusiasm. A celebrative round of applause.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Alright. Back to work. Start putting out some spin on this.

Styles exits the room, trampling the transparencies on the floor. As soon as he's gone, Breed flips him the bird.

BREED
Spin on this!

Henry turns to Rosemary, who bends to pick up number seven.

HENRY
Guess my lucky number's not so lucky.

ROSEMARY
I thought he'd like her for sure. She's...his kind of cheap.

HENRY
You said she was your pick.

ROSEMARY
I said I thought she'd be Milo's pick. I tried to stop you, but...

Henry looks like a lost soul. Rosemary steps close to him.

10 CONTINUED: (5)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
You voted for her because of me, I know. (Beat) You're a sweetheart. Other guys should take a lesson.

Rosemary puts her hand on Henry's. Her touch emboldens him.

HENRY
Rosie...I want you to know... I have to tell you that...you're one of...

ROSEMARY
What?

HENRY
...the only friends...real friends...

STYLES (O.S.)
CREEDLOW!

Henry freezes. Rosemary pulls away her hand.

STYLES (CONT'D O.S.)
CREEDLOW! Where the hell...

Styles suddenly reappears in the doorway.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Answer me when I call, damnit. Tell me about the party. Everything cool?

HENRY
Er...the barbecue?

STYLES
(Annoyed) Why would I ask *you* about my barbecue? I'm talking about...

HENRY
Halloween.

STYLES
You confirmed? Music, entertainment? All set? Guys with the freak show?

HENRY
Yes, sir. The buses...

STYLES
It's gonna be a mind-fuck, right?

HENRY
I think people...will be scared.

10 CONTINUED: (6)

STYLES
You coming?

HENRY
I'll be helping to set it all up.

STYLES
Not the Halloween thing. The barbecue! Tonight.

HENRY
Oh. S-sorry. Yes. I'll be...

STYLES
Whatever.

He vanishes down the corridor as quickly as he appeared. Rosemary rolls her eyes.

ROSEMARY
Like I said...other guys should take a lesson.

HENRY
He's the boss. Bosses are...

ROSEMARY
Jerks.

HENRY
Yeah, well...I was...going to say... they're entitled. Heh. (Sheepish) I thought he didn't know my name. (Brightening) He knew it all along.

ROSEMARY
That makes everything okay?

HENRY
Milo's been good to me, Rosie. He's given me a lot of breaks, given me a career. I can't just forget that.

ROSEMARY
I understand. (Shrugging) So he's a prince.

HENRY
No. You don't understand. You...you don't...know what I mean at all.

Henry walks away. Rosemary wants to call him back, wants to say more, but she holds herself silent.

11 INT. SECRETARY'S CUBBY - "BRUISER" MAGAZINE - MORNING

CAROL, Henry's secretary, is on the phone.

CAROL
He's in a staff meeting, can I...?

HENRY approaches. Carol cups the mouthpiece.

CAROL (CONT'D)
It's a Mr. Wynn?

HENRY
I'll take it.

12 INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

HENRY goes to his desk and CLICKS on a speaker-phone.

HENRY
Mr. Wynn, good morning.

WYNN (O.S. FILTER)
Good morning. I'm calling about your...application. You were interested in platinum...or gold?

HENRY
I already have a gold. My, er...heh, my wife's not impressed. I wanted to surprise her. With an upgrade.

WYNN (O.S. FILTER)
Yes, well...a platinum card is like a blank check, Mr. Creedlow. It has no cash limit. Your credit history has been impeccable, but your assets... (Beat) We found that your estimates were...a bit high.

HENRY
High? Maybe...what? Ten, fifteen grand. The market goes up and down.

WYNN (O.S. FILTER)
The discrepancies were farther off than...ten or fif...

Henry CLICKS off the speaker and snatches up the receiver.

HENRY
(Listening) Jesus. (Stunned) That... that much?

13 EXT. RACQUET CLUB - DAY

HENRY and LARSON play paddle tennis on a rooftop court that overlooks the city. CLUB MEMBERS dine at courtside tables.

LARSON
So they drag this guy in and plop him on a stool. Friend of mine, sitting at the bar, says... 'Hey, you okay?' Thwop! Guy falls...flat on his ass.

HENRY
This is a shaggy-dog story, right?

LARSON
No, I swear. My friend scoops the guy up. Sits him back on the stool. Asks him if he wants something to drink. Boom! The guy drops again!

Larson fires the ball cross-court. Henry strokes it back.

LARSON (CONT'D)
My friend finds the guy's wallet, gets his address. Takes him home. Guy's wife answers the door. My friend says, 'I brought your husband home'. 'Thank you,' she says, 'but where's his wheelchair?' (Cracking up) Shit, don't you get it? Guy's a dish rag, floppin' all over the place, and his wife says 'Where's his *wheel*chair'?

Not laughing, Henry smashes return, but it hits the net.

HENRY
Okay, I have one for you. (Picking up the ball) Man gets up one morning...miserable, his life sucks. So he decides to call...

LARSON
The Larry Case show! This is about that guy, right? The one who blew his brains out?

HENRY
(An ironic laugh) Christ, I can't tell this story to anyone!

LARSON
Power of the media, my friend. You ought to know.

13 CONTINUED:

HENRY
I'm not in the media. I'm in the face business. What's a face worth, Jimbo? As a man who knows the markets.

Henry serves. Way long. Larson moves up a step.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Three hundred grand? More? Less? That poor slob on the radio...he had a face. What did it look like? What was it worth? Who knows? Who cares?

LARSON
That's it. In the end, who cares?

Henry serves again. A perfect ace, just inside the line.

LARSON (CONT'D)
Oooh, sorry, my friend. Just wide.

HENRY
No. (Frowning) W-was it?

LARSON
Six inches. Game, set, match.

Henry hesitates...then shrugs, a good sport. The two men walk to a side bench to pack up their gear.

HENRY
What I want to know is...why would somebody do that? I mean, so what if your life's not perfect? Whose is?

LARSON
No one's. *No* one's.

14 INT. RACQUET CLUB - SHOWERS - DAY

HENRY and LARSON shower in a tile cubicle with ten nozzles.

HENRY
My, er...my bank...turned me down. On a platinum card.

LARSON
Feh. Who needs it?

HENRY
I wanted it. Like you wanted your Beemer. But...my assets...came up short. It made me wonder, Jimbo.

14 CONTINUED:

LARSON
No shit. It makes me wonder, too. Hey...you don't think there could have been some kind of...tampering?

HENRY
By who?

LARSON
I dunno. Maybe...Janine? The bank? (Thinking) No. No way. It's probably just some computer, spazzing out. I'll take care of it.

15 INT. RACQUET CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

HENRY follows LARSON to their lockers, which are adjacent.

LARSON
Don't get yourself all worked up, my friend. Like that guy on the radio? Got himself all worked up, over what? Nothing! I guarantee, if I ever get cheesed enough to shoot somebody, the last person I'm gonna shoot...is ME!

16 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - EVENING

AN OCTOBER SUNSET tints the sky orange. GUESTS mill around a lavish modern house. OTHERS swim in a heated POOL that sends up clouds of STEAM. The future MISS NOVEMBER, NUMBER NINE, basks in the attention of A DOZEN MEN, much to the discomfort of her escort, TOM BURTRAM. Amidst the crowd, STYLES serves dinner at a barbecue-pit manned by TWO CHEFS. He holds a spatula in one hand and a bourbon in the other.

GUEST #1
Thanks, Milo. This is the best.

GUEST #2
Great party, boss. Great house.

STYLES
Great house. And no matter what you hear, it's still mine!

Styles looks up at a second floor window, behind which... ROSEMARY stands.

STYLES (CONT'D)
She thinks I'm gonna give this up? Not a fuckin' inch of it! I'd rather take an inch off my dick!

17 INT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - LOFT - EVENING

ROSEMARY moves away from the window into a LOFT-LIKE SPACE converted into a PHOTO STUDIO on one side and a SCULPTING WORKSHOP on the other. FIVE YOUNG WOMEN follow her, moths to a flame. One is MARIAH BREED. Another is GLORIA ABDUL JABBAR, four feet tall, with a permanent axe to grind. She's caucasian, but wearing a dashiki.

BREED
Don't give this place up, Rosie. It's too wonderful. You have a good lawyer, I hope.

JABBAR
(Piping up) The best. Me.

BREED
Have you filed yet?

JABBAR
You don't file till you have a term sheet. We're negotiating. All Rosie has to do is not move out. The one who moves out loses. The one who stays...wins.

The women reach a corner of the room, where A MAN sits in a BARBER CHAIR, his face covered in PLASTER. Straws in his nose and mouth allow him to breath. He cocks his head, listening.

WOMAN #1
So, she has to live with the creep?

JABBAR
Not with him. Near him.

WOMAN #2
In the same house.

JABBAR
Not for long. He'll cave.

BRRRRINNG! An egg-timer goes off. Rosemary leans down and wiggles one of the straws in the plaster-man's nostrils.

ROSEMARY
You okay?

PLASTER MAN
Mmmm. (Nodding) Mmm-hmmm.

17 CONTINUED:

WOMAN #3
(Studying him) I could never do that.

BREED
I've done it. No worse than a mud thing. Or a placental.

Rosemary knocks on the plaster. It makes a HOLLOW sound.

ROSEMARY
You're done.

CUT TO:

ROSEMARY'S HANDS coax a plaster LIFE-MASK out of a mold.

BREED
It doesn't look anything like him.

JABBAR
Sure it does. The nose.

WOMAN #2
The mouth. Maybe...the mouth.

ROSEMARY
Amazing. An exact replica, yet you'd never know who he was. He's a blank.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Who's a blank?

BREED
You are, cutie pie. Take a look.

HENRY steps out of a washroom, drying his face. Rosemary shows him the mask. It stares back at him. Ghostly, mute.

HENRY
(Hesitant) I can...see myself.

ROSEMARY
Can you make the rest of us see you?

HENRY
What do you mean? How?

ROSEMARY
Paint it. Color it. Whatever you think might make people recognize you. It's...a little game I play.

18 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - GARDEN - EVENING

HENRY follows ROSEMARY and the OTHERS into a garden where dozens of LIFE MASKS are displayed on IRON MOUNTS. The masks have been painted in a variety of styles and colors meant to express the personalities of their subjects.

ROSEMARY
There's a tribe in New Guinea. They wear masks every day, all the time. If something is supposed to make them happy, they wear a happy mask. If they're supposed to be sad, they wear a sad one.

BREED
Perfect! Like at a funeral, you know? When you're secretly delighted that the dead person is dead. Wear a sad mask and, underneath...you can stick your tongue out at the coffin. It's all about...

ROSEMARY
Expectations. Satisfy expectations, no matter how falsely, and underneath you're free to think whatever...(to Henry)...you're really thinking.

Henry dodges her eyes, scanning the masks in the garden.

HENRY
Did you ever do one of Miles?

WOMAN #1
Bad enough she has to see his real face every day.

ROSEMARY
I can handle it. Milo and I...we're okay. At the office, anyway. The rest of the time...

BREED
I think we all know how Milo spends the rest of his time.

JABBAR
(Aggressively) You have to prove it, Rosie. Prove he's screwing around and we'll nail his ass!

Jabbar and the others move on. Henry lingers with Rosemary.

18 CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY
Gloria's a pit-bull. You probably think I am, too.

HENRY
(Shaking his head) I know you're not. (Changing the subject) You never told me you were a sculptress.

ROSEMARY
I'm not. I never had the 'balls', as Milo would say, to do anything original. Only life-casts. (Looking at the masks) My garden of lost souls. Even I can't remember who they are. They're like all the beautiful people I've had in my viewfinder, where I see nothing else but them. No matter how they decorate themselves, no matter what clothes or make-up they wear, the moment they're gone, they're gone. They fade away...completely...from memory.

HENRY
People...(shrug)...are forgettable.

ROSEMARY
Some people. Most people. Not all.

She turns to him. They touch...but only with their eyes.

HENRY
We...we have to stop hiding.

Rosemary looks at him, questioning.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Everyone will wonder where we are.

ROSEMARY
Oh...yes. We better...I better... put in an appearance. You go and see if you can...(pointing at the mask)...work on your image.

Rosemary starts down the hill toward the party.

19 INT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - LOFT - EVENING

HENRY sits before the blank replica of his face. Paints and brushes lie on a table within reach...but he can think of nothing that will the define the mask as his own.

20 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - POOLSIDE - EVENING

The sun has set. NUMBER NINE, wearing a bikini, dips her toes in the pool. Feeling no pain, STYLES eyes her from the patio. Someone is watching him watch her. TOM BURTRAM.

BURTRAM
Mr. Styles? (Approaching) The, er... new cover girl you picked this morning? I was wondering. Did you have any particular, maybe... personal...reason...

STYLES
Lemme guess. You like this doll, right, Tony?

BURTRAM
Tom.

STYLES
Tom...and you're afraid I'm gonna pull her pants down.

BURTRAM
No. I mean...yes. I like her. A lot. But, no, I never thought that...

STYLES
Sure you did. (Leaning in close) Let's face it. There's a thousand dolls who'd pay me to pull their pants down. If they thought it meant getting my cover. But I'm not gonna let it happen. Not with your doll. Not...tonight.

Burtram flinches.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Tomorrow night...she's fair game. A month from now, after she's on the newsstands, she'll be everybody's game.

Burtram glances over at the pool, where Number Nine has attracted a cluster of drooling ADMIRERS.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Be realistic, Tom. You want this doll...tonight's your only chance to show her that you're the man.

20 CONTINUED:

BURTRAM
(Shaken) I understand. Th-thank you, Mr. Styles. I appreciate... your advice.

Burtram turns, making a bee-line for the pool.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You are a total sleaze.

Styles turns to find JANINE CREEDLOW sitting at the bar. She wears tight jeans and a halter that stops short of her abs, where her navel is pierced by a shiny gold ring.

JANINE (CONT'D)
(Tipsy) Why do you hafta fuck with people all the time?

STYLES
'Cause there's nobody else to fuck with. Look at them. Hell, I don't even know what half of them do! All I know...all I have to know...is that they're busy. And what keeps them busy...is me. (Surveying the crowd with distaste) When I was a kid...I used to play with ants on the patio. Never knew what they did, either, but I kept them busy. (Snickering as he remembers) I'd set up toys, all around, so they'd go this way, that way, wherever I wanted them to go. I'd put out food. Watch them carry it away to some...hole in the ground somewhere.

JANINE
How many of them did you stomp on?

STYLES
None. Zero. I just...fucked with 'em. Like I'm doing now. So they'd do whatever the hell I wanted them to.

JANINE
You're a bastard, Milo. No shit, you are.

STYLES
Everyone needs a bastard in their life. It gives them a...(pressing himself against her)...yardstick... to measure themselves by.

20 CONTINUED: (2)

JANINE
(Looking down) Jesus! Your yard-stick is out to here!

STYLES
Play with it. (Janine hesitates) Nobody can see. Play with it.

Janine glances around, then reaches down...and takes hold.

JANINE
Don't pop-off, okay? I never knew a guy who popped-off as fast as you.

STYLES
Hey, I'm old. Old guys lose their patience very quickly. Mmmm...

JANINE
You're not old.

STYLES
Show me. Show me that I'm not old. Show me that...you care.

JANINE
I do. (Working gently) I do care.

21 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - GARDEN - EVENING

Fifty yards away, HENRY hangs his blank LIFE-MASK on one of the iron mounts in the garden. As he turns to go, he sees...

22 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - POOLSIDE - EVENING

...STYLES, weak-kneed, leaning into JANINE, whose arm is moving up and down rhythmically. Styles reaches out to rub her bare stomach, slipping a finger into her navel-ring.

STYLES
What do you know? I caught the brass ring. That means I get a free ride.

JANINE
Free? Nothing's free, Milo. This is a pay-as-you-go world.

23 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - GARDEN - EVENING

HENRY steps back, hidden among the autumn flowers. He wants to cry out, to do something...but he can't. Slowly, he calms himself, his face becoming emotionless again... just like the blank mask on the display pole behind him.

24 I/E. INFINITY - CITY STREET - NIGHT

AN INFINITY speeds down a city street. JANINE is at the wheel. HENRY sits beside her.

HENRY
Pull over? I'll drive.

JANINE
I'm not drunk.

HENRY
Yes, you are, but that's not what I said. I asked you to pull over.

JANINE
(Erupting) SAY WHAT YOU THINK! GIMME A CLUE, PLEASE... (Softer)... some reason...why I should still be interested in a dick like you!

Henry looks at her calmly. Too calmly.

HENRY
No reason. Not when there are so many more...interesting...'dicks' available under the fucking *bar!*

JANINE
(Looking at him) You noticed! Thank God! You're *not* brain-dead!

SCREEE! Janine takes a corner much too fast.

HENRY
I do my best, Janine. I go out there every day and I...

JANINE
...let people walk all over you!

HENRY
Yes! If that's what it takes. There are...rules...

JANINE
I know the rules better than you. Right school, right girl, right job. Where has it ever gotten you? Gotten us? What do we have to show for it?

HENRY
(Softly) A life.

24 CONTINUED:

JANINE
A *life?* Jesus! When I first met you, I thought you were on the fast-track. Man, was I wrong. You swallow all your emotions. You eat whatever shit is served up. You saw me jerking a guy off, for Chrissake! Did you slug him? No! Did you slug me? *No!* I want to go someplace, Henry! You...are going no-place! You're nothing! *No*-body!

25 EXT. CREEDLOW HOUSE - NIGHT

JANINE noses the car into the CREEDLOW DRIVEWAY and presses a remote on the visor. The garage door RUMBLES open.

JANINE
Get out. (Henry hesitates.) Out!

HENRY gets out of the car and SLAMS the door. He enters the garage where a second car, an old VOLVO, is parked. Janine's HEADLIGHTS are hot on his back. Suddenly...

...tires SQUEAL! Henry turns. THE INFINITY IS BEARING DOWN ON HIM, Janine grinning behind the wheel. Henry grabs AN AXE from the garage wall. He swings, shattering the windshield. An instant later, the CAR HITS HIM, flipping him into the air. Looking down as he flies, he sees that... the axe has CLEAVED JANINE'S SKULL. Still, she grins at him, her voice burbling through a gusher of BLOOD.

JANINE
Don't wait up for me.

TIRES SQUEAL again. Henry snaps out of his reverie. The INFINITY IS NOWHERE NEAR HIM. It's backing into the street. The axe is hanging in its normal spot on the wall.

JANINE (CONT'D)
Did you hear me, asshole? I said... 'Don't wait UP'!

The car ROARS off. THUNDER rolls in the distance. LIGHTNING cuts stuttering holes through the gloom. Henry turns, opens a back door, and enters the house. A moment later, JIGSAW runs out. Henry has left the doors open.

26 INT. CREEDLOW DINING ROOM - NIGHT

HENRY passes through the dining room in a daze. He kicks off his shoes, pulls off his tie. and unbuttons his shirt.

FADE OUT.

27 INT. CREEDLOW BEDROOM - MORNING

FADE IN ON...HENRY, lying alone in bed. SUNLIGHT filters through the window as THE CAMERA CREEPS IN on his exposed back. DZZZT! There's a sudden burst of STATIC and...

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
...guy was a lunatic. He had nothing to live for.

The clock-radio reads 7:30. Henry gets out of bed, puts on his earphones, and does his exercises in SILHOUETTE.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
You gotta admit, he made his point.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
He made no point at all!

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
He made an impression!

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Sure. On his skull!

28 INT. CREEDLOW SHOWER - MORNING

WATER splashes off the SHOWER RADIO as HENRY soaps his body.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
He made news! In every paper! He made headlines!

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
No. I...made headlines.

29 INT. CREEDLOW BATHROOM - MORNING

TCHUNG! Henry steps out of the steamy shower.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
He shot himself on my show!

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
To get attention! For the first time in his life, he's been noticed!

ECU: WHITE TERRY CLOTH blots Henry's arms, legs, feet.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
He's dead! Gone! Six feet under! You think anybody's gonna 'notice' him in his grave?

29 CONTINUED:

ECU: A nozzle sprays cologne onto Henry's neck, chest.

CALLER (O.S. FILTER)
He's...not in a grave.

ECU: A foaming toothbrush scrubs Henry's teeth.

CALLER (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
He's sittin' in a rocking chair... sippin' a cold one, talkin' to some pimp on the radio!

Henry's toothbrush freezes in mid scrub.

CALLER (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
I'm him, asshole. I'm the guy. Risen from the dead! And this time around, I'm not about to take any sh(beep)t from rat-bastards like you!

Henry shuts the medicine cabinet door. The glass is fogged. He wipes it with a towel. In the mirror, Henry sees that...

CALLER (CONT'D)
Rat bastards! Rat BASTARDS!

...HIS FACE...IS GONE! He has ears. Hair. But no eyebrows. No lashes. His pupils are utterly white, like the eyes of a marble statue. His lips, too, are colorless.

CALLER (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
You treat us like garbage, like we're nothing! Like we're not even HERE!

After a long moment of disbelief, Henry runs naked into...

30 INT. CREEDLOW BEDROOM - MORNING

...the bedroom...trembling, his hands probing, squeezing the blank flesh on his cheeks, forehead, chin.

CALLER (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
YOU CAN'T TURN A MAN INTO NOTHING! IF YOU TRY...YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA PAY!

Henry darts to the dressing table mirror and sees that... he's still faceless. He snatches a pill bottle from a drawer and shakes out three Prozacs.

CALLER (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA PAAAYYY!

31 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - MORNING

A COFFEE-MAKER on the kitchen counter has brewed some fresh Jamaican. HENRY, still naked, pops his Prozacs and grabs the pot. Nothing to pour it in. He swallows the pills dry.

32 INT. CREEDLOW FOYER - MORNING

HENRY rushes to the foyer MIRROR. His face is still blank.

HENRY
My God. It...it's real. This...
is really happening!

WHAM! Something lunges! JIGSAW. She looks up curiously... until she sees his face. Then...she turns tail and runs.

KATIE (O.S.)
What's goin' on, the garage?

Henry freezes. FOOTSTEPS enter the kitchen from the garage.

KATIE (CONT'D O.S.)
SEÑOR? SEÑORA? ARE YOU HOME?

HENRY
YES. JA-JANINE'S NOT HERE, BUT...
BUT I AM.

Henry peeks cautiously around a kitchen door, where...

33 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - MORNING

...KATIE SALDANO, an Hispanic cleaning woman, is rummaging in a cabinet.

KATIE
YOU LEAVE GARAGE OPEN. KITCHEN OPEN.
THIS IS BAD CITY, SEÑOR. YOU LEAVE
HOUSE OPEN...IS TROUBLE.

Katie pulls two silver candlesticks from the cupboard and stuffs them into a large cloth shopping-bag she's carrying. She walks through an archway into...

34 INT. CREEDLOW DINING ROOM - MORNING

...the dining room, where Henry's CLOTHES lie scattered. KATIE drops her bag and picks up his jacket.

KATIE
(Spanish) Slob. Bastard. Your
mother is a whore.

34 CONTINUED:

HENRY
(Calling) What? I can't hear you!

KATIE
(Spanish) A whore with crabs.

Katie finds a wad of cash in the jacket pocket. As she tucks bills into her sweater, Henry appears in the archway.

HENRY
(Quietly) What was that, Katie? What did you take from my pocket?

KATIE
(Not turning) Take, señor? Nothing. I fix jacket. Fold up. Make nice. (Spanish) Son of a harbor rat.

HENRY
You took money, didn't you?

KATIE
Money? No! Never!

HENRY
What about...silver?

KATIE
I TAKE NOTHING! (Spanish) Who do you think you are? Some...big man?

Henry replies...this time speaking in Spanish himself.

HENRY
(Spanish) I'm the man who pays your salary. The man you curse and rob.

KATIE
You...espeak Spanish, señor?

HENRY
Oh, yes, I'm...full of surprises.

Henry creeps into the room, a phantom. His void of a face seems to float through dust-filled rays of SUNLIGHT from the half-open blinds. Katie doesn't hear him approaching.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You must have a lovely home, Katie, with all the things you've stolen.

KATIE
I never steal! I TAKE *NOTHING!*

34 CONTINUED: (2)

Katie reaches for her bag. Henry gets to it an instant before she does.

HENRY (CONT'D)
If you took nothing...then there's nothing in this bag, is there?

Katie focuses on him for the first time. Her eyes go wide with terror at the sight of his face. TCHUNNG! Henry WAILS the bag at Katie's head. The weight of the candlesticks craters her left temple.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. CREEDLOW FOYER - MORNING

NO SOUND. THE FOYER MIRROR is empty. HENRY appears, averting his eyes from the glass.

HENRY
No, it...it never happened. It... was all in my head.

Slowly, reluctantly, he looks into the mirror and sees... his face is still featureless.

JANINE (O.S.)
Henry?

Henry JUMPS in surprise. JANINE enters the kitchen through the back door. She doesn't notice Henry in the foyer.

In a fog, he inches down the hall. THE DINING ROOM comes slowly into view. KATIE'S LEGS become visible...lying in a pool of BLOOD. Henry realizes...it was all real.

36 INT. CREEDLOW DINING ROOM - MORNING

HENRY rushes to KATIE'S BODY and bends down to check for a pulse. There is none. Blood streaks his hands as he rolls Katie onto her back. He feels a rush of hope when he sees movement. But it's grotesque movement. Eyelids fluttering, responding to random impulses from a rapidly dying brain.

JANINE (O.S.)
HENRY? ARE YOU HOME?

Henry jumps up, backing away, nearly tripping over JIGSAW! The dog is sniffing her way toward the corpse, her paws stamping in wet blood.

HENRY
(Whispering) Ssssst. Get away.

36 CONTINUED:

TCHUNG TCHUNG...a sudden THUMPING sound rings out, with the RATTLE of loose metal. KATIE'S LEG has gone into a death-twitch. Her shoe is KICKING the fireplace screen.

37 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - MORNING

JANINE hears the THUMPING. She looks through the arch that leads to the dining room. From her angle, she can see nothing. No one. She steps forward for a better view.

JANINE
Hello? (Calling) HENRY?

38 INT. CREEDLOW DINING ROOM - MORNING

HENRY reaches down and moves KATIE'S LEG away from the screen. JIGSAW SNAPS at him. Henry swats her away.

39 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - MORNING

JANINE has almost reached the dining room arch when JIGSAW BURSTS through, nearly knocking her down.

JANINE
AAAH! You scared me, dog.

Jigsaw's feet make RED STAINS on the floor. Janine doesn't notice. She turns back to the counter and picks up a cordless phone. The dog watches as she dials a number.

40 INT. CREEDLOW DINING ROOM - MORNING

HENRY wraps KATIE'S BODY in the throw rug that it landed on. He goes rigid when he hears...FOOTSTEPS. He glances into the hall, where he sees JANINE crossing the foyer with the cordless at her ear.

JANINE
(Into phone) Yeah, hi. It's me.

Janine walks out of sight, but JIGSAW, following her, stops in the archway, looks directly at Henry, and snarls. Henry tenses, afraid the dog's growling will bring Janine back. He relaxes when he hears her voice receding upstairs.

JANINE (CONT'D O.S.)
He's not here. If he was, you think I'd tell him I'm going away with you?

Jigsaw snarls again. Henry SNAPS at her.

HENRY
Get out of here!

40 CONTINUED:

With a final snarl, Jigsaw pads off after Janine. Henry bites his lip when he notices...the RED STAINS left by the dog's feet.

JANINE (O.S.)
When you're ready to get serious, I'll talk to him. Until then... hey, I gotta make a living.

Henry strains to hear Janine's receding voice.

JANINE (CONT'D O.S.)
Of course, I'm coming. A weekend in the sun? I'll take it. Even if you are just fuckin' with me. I just have to grab some stuff. Ten minutes.

Henry hears a faint BEEP as, on her way upstairs, Janine turns off the phone. WHAP! Something SMACKS Henry in the face. It's Katie's BLOODY HAND, in another death twitch, its fingers stiffening with rigor.

HENRY
God. God.

Henry lowers Katie's arm to her side, not realizing that he has BLOOD on his face. A door SLAMS upstairs. Janine's FOOTSTEPS approach again. Henry drags Katie's rug-wrapped body into a blind corner. He snatches his trousers off the floor and is just putting them on when...

...Janine reappears in the archway, carrying an overnight bag. She glances into the dining room, sees...nothing... and continues out the front door.

Henry rushes to the window and watches Janine get into her car. He finds his shoes, where he kicked them off last night, and steps into them. He has no shirt. He grabs his suit jacket and pulls it on.

41 INT. CREEDLOW FOYER - MORNING

HENRY runs into the foyer and sees himself in the mirror. His blank face is smeared with blood. As he tries to wipe it off, his bloody hands only make it worse. No time. He has to hurry. He grabs a black fedora from a rack, puts it on, and flips his jacket collar up around his neck.

42 INT. CREEDLOW GARAGE - MORNING

HENRY jumps into his VOLVO and pulls out of the garage. He starts to drive off...screeches to a stop...reverses...and uses a remote to roll down the garage door.

43 I/E. VOLVO - MORNING

HENRY speeds down a street. He sees JANINE'S CAR pulling through an intersection up ahead. The stoplight turns red. Henry runs it. TRAFFIC SKIDS around him. Horns BLARE.

44 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

JANINE parks outside a WAREHOUSE converted into up-scale office space. She hurries inside.

45 INT. "BRUISER" MAGAZINE OFFICES - MORNING

The reception area is dark. The offices are deserted. It's Saturday. Without pause, JANINE moves familiarly down a hallway toward the executive suite.

46 INT. OUTER CORRIDOR - MORNING

BING! AN ELEVATOR arrives. Someone's SHADOW emerges and starts toward the "BRUISER" offices.

47 INT. "BRUISER" HALLWAY - MORNING

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA...CREEPING DOWN THE HALL. VOICES murmur in the distance, their words indistinguishable. THE CAMERA TRACKS toward the source...STOPPING SUDDENLY as...

...STYLES steps through a doorway twenty yards ahead. He crosses to a conference room, followed closely by JANINE. Neither is aware of another PRESENCE in the hall.

STYLES
English muffin? Sable on a bagel?

JANINE
Not hungry.

STYLES
Gotta keep up your energy, kid.

Styles leads Janine into the conference room, shutting the door behind them. THE CAMERA creeps closer.

JANINE (O.S.)
Come on. Are we leaving, or what? This is not my idea of a good time. Standing around watching you eat sable on a bagel.

STYLES (O.S.)
How about a little...jelly on the belly?

47 CONTINUED:

JANINE (O.S.)
What, is your dick on steroids? We spent all last night in bed. We're gonna spend the whole weekend in bed.

STYLES (O.S.)
Beds...are wonderful inventions. But how often do you get the chance to make it...on a forty-thousand-dollar conference table?

48 INT. "BRUISER" CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The faces of beautiful WOMEN stare down from PHOTOS on the walls...eyes half-closed in surrender...parted lips that invite entry. On a mile-long table in the middle of the room, JANINE sprawls on her back as STYLES pumps into her.

JANINE
Good. Oh, God, baby, that's so... good! YOU! You're so...GOOD!

As Styles grunts, louder and louder...a SHADOW glides over the ripple-glass door. The knob turns. Suddenly...WHAM! The door BANGS open. THIP THIP THIP! FLASHES OF LIGHT strobe over naked bodies as a motorized CAMERA purrs.

STYLES
What the fuck?

Styles leaps off Janine, turns toward the door, and sees... ROSEMARY...looking through the viewfinder of her Pentax. She snaps a final shot, blinding him with the flash.

ROSEMARY
Gotcha!

Rosemary darts down the hall. Styles squirms into his undershorts and runs after her, leaving Janine alone.

JANINE
Milo? (Screaming) MILO! WHO WAS THAT? WAS THAT...ROSEMARY?

49 INT. OUTER CORRIDOR - MORNING

ROSEMARY hurries to the elevator and punches the call button. STYLES rushes up behind her.

STYLES
Rosie...gimme a break here. I mean, sneaking around...spying on me. That's beneath you.

49 CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY
I'm only trying to keep track of who's beneath you, Milo.

Styles glances at Rosemary's camera, then at her face.

STYLES
What? You think you're gonna ruin me? Is that what you want?

ROSEMARY
No. If I ruin you, I ruin myself. I just want my fair share.

BING! The elevator arrives. Rosemary hurries inside. Styles rushes to get on, but the doors slam shut in his face. He quickly punches the button for a second car.

50 INT. "BRUISER" CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

JANINE, naked except for her shoes, lights a cigarette. As she SNAPS her lighter shut, she hears A SOUND in the hall.

JANINE
Milo?

Frightened, Janine takes a drag on her cigarette, then stamps it out in an ashtray as she moves to the open door.

JANINE (CONT'D)
Milo? Is that you?

A voice comes back.

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't you wish.

Janine WHIRLS, rushing to where her clothes lie in a heap. Putting on her panties, she hears ANOTHER SOUND, much closer. Her eyes flick back to the doorway as...

...HENRY steps out of the shadows, his fedora shading his face. Janine reacts as if she's seen a monster.

HENRY
What's the matter? Shocked by my appearance? I'm shocked, too. By your appearance.

Janine trembles, scrambling to put on her bra.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Look at me, Janine.

50 CONTINUED:

The bra snaps out of her hands, landing under the table.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You did this to me.

Janine ducks under the table, finds the bra, just manages to put it on before Henry DRAGS her back out into the open.

HENRY (CONT'D)
LOOK AT ME!

Janine doesn't. She kicks free and crawls across the floor again, toward the rest of her clothes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'm gone. All gone! You took the only thing that can't be replaced. My identity! You and the other rats...chewing on me, until now there's nothing left!

Henry CLAMPS onto Janine's arms and pulls her to her feet. She struggles, her back to him. Henry holds on tight.

JANINE
You...you're crazy, Henry. You've gone fucking crazy!

Henry SPINS her around, roughly, forcing her to look at him. Finally, Janine focuses on his blood-smeared face.

JANINE (CONT'D)
God. What...what happened to you? Is...that blood?

HENRY
Oh, yes. There's blood on me. And... I've gotten a taste of it. And...I want...MORE!

Janine panics. Thrashing, punching, scratching, she tries to break away. Her fingernails gouge a long RED SCAR from Henry's forehead, across his left eye, down onto his cheek. Henry recoils in pain. Janine leaps away from him. But...

...Henry CATCHES her again and hurls her aside, like so much trash. She sprawls onto the conference table.

Looking up, she sees Henry pick up a chair and lift it over his head. Janine SCREAMS as we...

CUT TO:

51 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

CHIRP! ROSEMARY unlocks a SAAB with a keyless remote. As she opens the door to get into the car, STYLES comes trotting out of the office building.

STYLES
ROSIE! COME ON! WE'RE PARTNERS!
YOU HAVE STOCK, FOR CHRISSAKE!

Rosemary's car pulls away. Styles stands alone on the street. Suddenly...from high above...

...the conference room window SHATTERS. A CHAIR hurtles out. Styles recoils. Glass TINKLES on the pavement. The chair CRUNCHES onto a subway vent, sending off shrapnel.

STYLES (CONT'D)
Holy...HOLY HELL!

Something else flies out of the window. It's...JANINE! She seems to hang suspended forever...falling, in SLOW-MOTION, until...

...SKRUNNCH! Her neck SNAPS as it meets the windshield of a parked car. The glass cobwebs and craters. The thing that was once Henry Creedlow's wife slides into the gutter.

52 INT. "BRUISER" CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

HENRY, breathing heavily, glimpses A BLUR OF MOTION...A MAN'S ARM and LEG fleeing away from the open conference room doorway. Henry chases the figure into...

53 INT. "BRUISER" MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

...a marble bathroom. WHAM! HENRY BURSTS in and sees a PAIR OF SHOES inside one of the closed stalls. Henry approaches, his own shoes CLOCKING on the tile floor. As he draws near, a MAN'S VOICE trembles...

MAN IN STALL (O.S.)
D-don't hurt me. Please, don't...
don't hurt me, Henry.

HENRY
(Surprised) You know who I am?

MAN IN STALL (O.S.)
I...I heard you talking. You...you
and...and Janine.

Henry stops. Thinks. Calculates.

53 CONTINUED:

HENRY
That gives you an unfair advantage. You know who I am. We'll have to open the stall...so I can know who you are.

MAN IN STALL (O.S.)
Please...just let me go, and...

HENRY
OPEN THE STALL!

Stillness. Then...the soft click of a bolt sliding back. With a lightning move, Henry SNATCHES the door open wide to reveal...TOM BURTRAM...sitting on the commode.

BURTRAM
Jesus! Henry? Y-you look like...

HENRY
What are you doing here?

BURTRAM
Nothing. Nothing. I came in to... catch up on some work, that's all. I heard...you...and Janine.

HENRY
Get off the toilet, Tom.

BURTRAM
Y-you're not going to...

A SIREN WAILS in the distance.

HENRY
Get off the toilet before I flush you down!

54 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

STYLES is sitting on the floor of A TELEPHONE BOOTH. The receiver is dangling. THREE PEDESTRIANS are closing in, slowly, wondering, among other things, why the man in the phone booth is wearing nothing but his skivvies.

Styles sees A BLACK-AND-WHITE speeding into view. He turns to the curious pedestrians.

STYLES
I called them. I called the cops. You saw it, right?

The pedestrians stop in their tracks, not coming any closer.

54 CONTINUED:

STYLES (CONT'D)
Somebody...one of you...must have seen it. I was here! Right here on the street, when she...came down.

The pedestrians look from the near-naked Styles...to the near-naked pulp that was once Janine. The police car SKIDS to a stop...and TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS climb out.

55 INT. "BRUISER" MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

BURTRAM is slow to leave the safety of the stall. HENRY GRABS him and WHIPS him toward a mirror above one of the sinks. Two faces stare back. One hideous, one terrified.

HENRY
Janine. She was right about me. I ate whatever shit was served up. Don't develop a taste for it, Tom, or you'll wind up looking like me.

56 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

UNIFORM #1 checks JANINE'S MANGLED BODY as STYLES, gagging, looks on. UNIFORM #2 questions one of THE PEDESTRIANS. Styles can't hear the questions, nor the answers.

Uniform #1 kicks the glass around the corpse, then looks up at the broken conference room window. Styles volunteers...

STYLES
That's where she came out. First the chair, then...then her.

UNIFORM #1
(To his partner) I'm going in.

Uniform #1 runs toward the building.

57 INT. "BRUISER" HALLWAY - MORNING

HENRY runs toward an EXIT SIGN that leads to an emergency stairwell. BURTRAM comes stumbling out of the men's room. Henry looks back at him.

HENRY
Don't tell them you saw me, Tom. It's your ass if you tell anyone... anyone...I was here today.

KRAAASSH! Henry SMASHES the glass seal on the doorknob and runs down the stairs, leaving Burtram a bundle of nerves.

58 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

MORE OFFICIAL VEHICLES arrive. A young detective, MIKE RAKOWSKI, and his partner, TONY DISIMONE, a seen-it-all kind of guy, approach STYLES.

DISIMONE
Mr. Styles?

STYLES
Yeah? What now?

DISIMONE
Can you tell us anything about what happened?

STYLES
Can't you fuckin' see what happened?

DISIMONE
Aside from the obvious.

STYLES
I had nothing to do with it. I was down here on the street when...when she jumped.

DISIMONE
We, er...we don't think this was a suicide, Mr. Styles. We think it was a murder.

59 INT. "BRUISER" BUILDING LOBBY - MORNING

A DOOR SQUEAKS open. HENRY'S white eyes peer out of the dark stairwell. Seeing that THE LOBBY is crawling with COPS and REPORTERS, Henry quietly shuts the door and...

60 INT. "BRUISER" BUILDING STAIRWAY - MORNING

...quickly moves down two more levels.

61 INT. "BRUISER" BUILDING SUB-LEVEL - MORNING

HENRY emerges in an underground parking area. There are only two cars. A LEXUS (Burtram's), and Henry's VOLVO. Henry unlocks his car and sits behind the wheel, catching a glimpse of himself in the rear-view mirror.

His left eye, scarred by Janine, is no longer white. The pupil is BROWN. The eyebrow above it is normal, too. The rest of his face remains featureless, but areas touched by the scar seem to have been magically RESTORED.

61 CONTINUED:

No. When Henry does a double-take, the eye is white again, the flesh around it as blank as before. A SOUND distracts him. FOOTSTEPS are CLATTERING downstairs to the garage.

Henry jumps out of the car and opens the trunk. He unlaces one of his shoes and hooks the cord onto the trunk's latch-mechanism. Climbing in, he pulls the lid closed after him.

TWO POLICEMEN enter the garage. They shine FLASHLIGHTS into the parked cars, including Henry's. Satisfied that no one is hiding, they start away. One of them shines his flashlight upward. The beam finds...A SECURITY CAMERA.

POLICEMAN
Those things record, right?

POLICEMAN #2
Yeah. Sometimes.

POLICEMAN
We might have something here.

The policemen exchange a look and hurry off. Henry peeks out of the trunk. The coast is clear. He climbs out, walks around the car, and gets behind the wheel again.

62 EXT. BACK ALLEY - MORNING

At the rear of the building, observed by no one, a motorized gate rolls up. HENRY'S VOLVO appears out of the maw, and drives slowly away down a back alley.

63 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

UNIFORM #2 continues to question THE PEDESTRIAN. They're still too far away to hear, but the pedestrian points at STYLES, who is being grilled by DISIMONE and RAKOWSKI.

STYLES
(Eyeing the pedestrian nervously)
He knows. He saw what happened.
Go talk to him!

DISIMONE
I'd rather talk to you.

64 INT. "BRUISER" HALLWAY - MORNING

UNIFORM #1 and TWO OTHER OFFICERS, guns drawn, move down the corridor toward BRUISER'S executive offices. SOMETHING MOVES! The policemen react, raising their weapons, almost blowing the brains out of...

64 CONTINUED:

...BURTRAM, who is cowering near the bathroom door. The policemen rush him, thinking he might be the killer.

BURTRAM
No. No. You got the wrong guy. I didn't do anything, I swear.

OFFICER
Maybe you know who did?

BURTRAM
Yes. I mean...no! No, no, I...I mean...I saw the guy...but...

OFFICER
But what? Who was he? The boogey man?

BURTRAM
Yes. That...that's right. He...he looked like he had no face!

Uniform #1 has discovered the FIRE EXIT...and the glass on the floor where the knob-shield was broken.

UNIFORM #1
Hey. Guys. Looks like somebody scrammed outa here.

Uniform #1 looks up and sees ANOTHER SECURITY CAMERA... mounted near the ceiling. He's about to investigate further when a VOICE calls...

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Looks like somebody scrammed outa here, too.

The voice is coming from the conference room. Uniform #1 and the other officer converge to find...

...OFFICER #2 has discovered pieces of CLOTHING abandoned on the floor.

65 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

OFFICER #2 calls down to DISIMONE.

OFFICER #2
Yo, detective! Check this out!

DiSimone looks up. The officer dangles a pair of trousers and a skirt out the window. Wind SNATCHES the skirt from his hand. It parachutes away between the buildings.

65 CONTINUED:

DISIMONE
(Up to the officer) That was good. Good. See if you can mess up the crime scene some more. (To himself) Fuckin' chadrool. (Looking back down at Styles) I'm embarrassed to ask, but did you, er...recognize...either one of those garments?

STYLES
I'm on the street, in my underwear. One of your 'chadrools' is waving an empty pair of pants out my window. What d'ya think, Columbo? Pretty good bet, ain't it, that the pants are mine? And the skirt...there's only one babe around here who's not wearing one. The babe lying...lying in the gutt...guh...guhhhgh...

Styles heaves, bile oozing from his lips. After a moment...

STYLES (CONT'D)
I...I was porkin' the bitch, okay? That doesn't mean I threw her out the window.

DISIMONE
Was there anyone else in the office?

STYLES
Yeah, I always invite an audience when I fuck. I get off on the applause.

Styles hangs his head, not sick, but thinking, calculating.

STYLES (CONT'D)
My...my wife. My ex-wife...

DISIMONE
Divorced?

STYLES
We're working on it.

DISIMONE
She was here? What, in the audience?

STYLES
Bite me, okay? She works for the magazine. She's a shooter, a photographer.

65 CONTINUED: (2)

DISIMONE
(Stepping closer) But she left? Your wife?

STYLES
Ex-wife.

DISIMONE
You saw her leave?

STYLES
Leave...(calculating) Her office, yeah. I don't know, maybe...she was still in the building. Maybe she...

Styles sees the detective making notes.

STYLES (CONT'D)
No. No way! Rosie's a saint! She would never...could never... No.

66 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - DAY

HENRY parks his VOLVO on a service road behind his house. Checking to be sure no one's watching, he hurries in through a back door.

67 INT. CREEDLOW DINING ROOM - DAY

KATIE'S BODY lies half-wrapped in the throw-rug. JIGSAW stares at it from a corner of the room, her head nested on her paws. WHAP! The dog is SWATTED from behind by HENRY.

HENRY
Get lost.

Jigsaw runs away. Henry's white eyes turn to Katie's body.

68 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

HENRY'S VOLVO speeds out of a dark tunnel onto a highway.

69 INT. VOLVO - DAY

HENRY has a car-phone at his ear.

HENRY
Yes, is this the San Juan Agency? My name is Henry Creedlow. One of your...domestics...was supposed to come to us this morning. Saldano? I think her first name is...Katie? Well, she never showed up.

70 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - RAILROAD BRIDGE - DAY

HENRY drives deep into the countryside. His car stops on an abandoned RAILROAD BRIDGE. He gets out and struggles to unload the RUG that holds Katie's body. Hauling the bundle to the edge of the bridge, he drops it over.

71 INT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - PHOTO LAB - AFTERNOON

ROSEMARY has developed a set of negatives in her darkroom. MUSIC playing on a radio gives way to NEWS. Rosemary puts a negative into an enlarger and turns the focus knob.

NEWSCASTER (O.S. FILTER)
Locally, police report no suspects in this morning's murder of a woman in the city's...

An image materializes under the enlarger...STYLES pumping himself into JANINE. Overwhelmed, Rosemary weeps.

72 EXT. CREEDLOW HOUSE - AFTERNOON

HENRY drives past the front of his house. A BLACK & WHITE POLICE CRUISER is staked-out across the street.

73 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - AFTERNOON

Driving around the block, HENRY parks on the service road and, again, enters his house through the back door.

74 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

AN ANSWERING MACHINE is BEEPING on the kitchen counter. HENRY goes to a window and looks at the police car. TWO UNIFORMS sit inside. Henry paces, not knowing what to do. The answering machine keeps BEEPING. Finally, he hits "PLAY", more to stop the noise than to hear his messages.

CONNOLY (O.S. FILTER)
Yeah, this is officer Connoly... Police Officer Connoly. We've got a...a situation here.

75 INT. CREEDLOW DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

HENRY drifts into the dining room. There's a pool of BLOOD where Katie died, and there are red PAW PRINTS everywhere.

CONNOLY (O.S. FILTER)
We need you to contact us as soon as possible, sir. 621-5808.

76 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

HENRY returns to the kitchen, opens a drawer, and takes out A CHROME-PLATED PISTOL. He finds a box of bullets and... TCHICK...loads one into the gun. BEEP. Another message.

CONNOLY (O.S. FILTER)
Yeah, this is officer Connoly again.

Henry's head flops forward. THE CAMERA SHOOTS STRAIGHT UP at him. A tear drops from his stone white eyes, falling at us in SLOW MOTION. It hits the LENS, blurring our vision.

CONNOLY (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
It's important that you call us.
That's the...Homicide Division...

Henry straightens. He lifts the gun and jams the barrel into the soft flesh beneath his jaw.

CONNOLY (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
621-5808. We need to talk to you.

HENRY
Do it, Henry. You're dead. You're a dead man. Just do it!

Henry grips the gun. His trigger-finger trembles. BEEP.

LARSON (O.S. FILTER)
Henry! Holy fuck, is it true? It's Jimmy...Saturday...around three.

Something clicks in Henry's mind. His gun hand relaxes. BEEP.

LARSON (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
Henry, Jes... Shit. Three-thirty. Jimmy. I'm dyin' here. Call me!

HENRY
(Lowering the gun) You're sounding a little "cheesed", there, my friend.

77 INT. CREEDLOW LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

In a book-lined room that speaks order, HENRY lets out a primal SCREAM as he crawls on the floor over PAPERS that have been dumped from file folders. His staring eyes register columns of numbers that reflect his net worth. The phone rings, shattering the silence. The answering machine picks up. Henry hears his own voice on the tape.

77 CONTINUED:

HENRY (O.S. FILTER)
You've reached the Creedlow residence. Leave a message, for either Henry or Janine, and we'll get back to y...

Janine giggles. It's an old recording, faint because of the distance between rooms, and the distance in time.

JANINE (O.S. FILTER)
(Seductively) Come to bed.

HENRY (O.S. FILTER)
Stop it! Sto...(Quickly) Gotta go. When you hear the beep...you can scold us for not answering.

JANINE (O.S. FILTER)
(Giggling) We oughta leave that on there. We really ought...

CLICK! The machine switches over from PLAY to RECORD.

LARSON (O.S. FILTER)
Henry?

HENRY
Jimbo?

LARSON (O.S. FILTER)
I'm worried about you, man. Listen, don't freak out, okay? The last thing we want to do is freak out. If Janine is... Shit, I can't even say it. If it's true...there's ownership...joint holdings...all kinds of legal shit.

Henry's eyes narrow. He scans the documents below him, focusing on a letterhead: *SUREFIRE INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT.*

HENRY
Whose idea was it, Jimbo? Did Janine steal from me...with your help? Or did you steal...with hers?

LARSON (O.S. FILTER)
You gotta get back to me, Henry.

HENRY
(Resolute) I will, my friend. Don't worry. I will.

BING-BONG! The sound of the doorbell makes Henry jump. His head instantly clear, he gets up and rushes into...

78 INT. CREEDLOW FOYER - AFTERNOON

...the foyer. BING-BONG! HENRY looks through the peep-hole. In addition to the BLACK & WHITE, an UNMARKED CAR is now parked out front. DETECTIVES DISIMONE and RAKOWSKI stand on the stoop with OFFICER CONNOLY, one of the staked-out UNIFORMS. BING-BONG! Henry pulls back, overhearing...

DISIMONE (O.S.)
Go call up. From the car.

CONNOLY (O.S.)
I been calling!

DISIMONE (O.S.)
Then you know the number. Go call!

Henry hears the officer stomp off.

RAKOWSKI (O.S.)
Should we go in?

DISIMONE (O.S.)
Too soon. No cause.

79 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

HENRY goes back to the kitchen and stares at the phone. It RINGS. The machine picks up. Henry hears his voice, hears Janine giggling, as he loads five more bullets into his gun.

CONNOLY (O.S. FILTER)
Officer Connoly. We're at your house. I told them you're not home, but my chief is all over my ass.

Henry shoves some extra loads into his pocket.

CONNOLY (CONT'D O.S. FILTER)
Please call when you get this. I hope your day is as lousy as mine. G'bye.

Henry chuckles. Then he hears muffled voices from outside.

80 INT. CREEDLOW FOYER - AFTERNOON

HENRY moves to the front door, pressing his ear against it.

RAKOWSKI (O.S.)
Maybe he skipped.

DISIMONE (O.S.)
Why?

80 CONTINUED:

RAKOWSKI (O.S.)
Wild guess. Maybe because he killed his fuckin' wife!

DISIMONE (O.S.)
He didn't. The other dame did.

RAKOWSKI (O.S.)
Styles' ex?

DISIMONE (O.S.)
Fuck 'ex'. They're not divorced. She had motive, opportunity. Styles admitted, she was there.

Henry is stunned. Rosemary...was there? She's a suspect?

RAKOWSKI (O.S.)
This dame was not waxed by another dame. You know how much strength it takes to throw somebody through a closed window?

DISIMONE (O.S.)
That's why the chair. To break the glass. I'll bet you a hundred she did it.

RAKOWSKI
Raise you fifty.

DISIMONE
You're on. Go dig up this Burtram character. I'm gonna visit Styles... and his 'ex'. My one-fifty's on her.

The VOICES FADE as the men leave. A moment later, Henry hears...VROOM...a car starting. He rushes into...

81 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

...the kitchen where, outside the window, THE UNMARKED CAR is pulling away. THE BLACK & WHITE remains on post.

82 INT. CREEDLOW DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

HENRY hurries into the dining room, pulling out his wallet. He pockets the cash and removes his credit cards and other evidence of his identity. His old identity. He's staring wistfully at the photo on his driver's license when...

...JIGSAW suddenly comes GROWLING behind him.

82 CONTINUED:

HENRY
Dog, you have been one of the most annoying things in my life.

Henry WHIPS up his pistol and aims it squarely at her head. Jigsaw YELPS and retreats to the doorway. Henry lowers the gun and scatters the wallet's contents on the bloody floor.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You're on your own now, girl. It's gonna be...a brand new day.

THWAM! Henry OVERTURNS a bookcase. Objects SMASH to the floor. It looks like there's been a fight in the house.

83 INT. CREEDLOW KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

HENRY looks out the window. The police car is still there.

HENRY
No cause to come in, huh?

Henry whirls and BLAM!...pumps a bullet into the answering machine. BLAM!...the oven door. BLAM!...the spice rack.

84 INT. CREEDLOW FOYER - AFTERNOON

BLAM! BLAM! PHOTOS of Henry and Janine explode off the wall. HENRY aims at the mirror, pausing at the sight of...

...HIS REFLECTION. HIS FEATURES ARE RESTORED! It's not exactly the face he once had. It's sharper, leaner, better defined. The sight terrifies him. He shuts his eyes, urgently rubbing the lids, before he opens them and sees...

...his face is BLANK again.

HENRY
Thank God. (Looking up, as if to heaven) Please, let me stay this way. Let me stay this way forever!

Henry storms off down the hall, toppling more furniture, ripping drapes from windows, as he BULLS his way out the back door. And not a moment too soon. KER-UNNNCH! CONNOLY and his PARTNER, drawn by the gunfire, SMASH the front door open and BURST into the foyer.

85 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - AFTERNOON

Behind the house, HENRY gets into his VOLVO and pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

86 INT. CREEDLOW HOUSE - AFTERNOON

POLICE swarm through Henry's house. A FORENSICS MAN approaches his SUPERIOR with evidence from Henry's wallet.

FORENSICS MAN
Got some I.D. And blood. A whole roomful of blood.

The forensics man leads his superior to the dining room. There are RED STAINS everywhere.

SUPERIOR
Get samples. The guy who lives here, he's missing. Might be that whoever killed his wife...killed him, too.

87 INT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

ROSEMARY is curled on top of a made bed, balls of used tissues scattered around her. A DOORBELL RINGS in the distance. Rosemary doesn't budge. It RINGS again. The bedroom door is open. STYLES moves past outside, on his way to answer the bell. Just then, THE PHONE RINGS.

STYLES
Shit, you want the door or the phone?

ROSEMARY
Neither.

STYLES
Answer the fuckin' phone, Christ!

Styles walks away. Rosemary picks up a wireless receiver.

ROSEMARY
Hello.

HENRY (O.S. FILTER)
Rosemary? It's...Henry.

88 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - GARDEN - AFTERNOON

ANGLE ON ROSEMARY as she sits up...seen through a set of patio doors leading to the garden...where HENRY watches with a cell-phone to his ear.

HENRY
It's the police. At the door.

ROSEMARY (O.S. FILTER)
(Startled) What? How do you...?

88 CONTINUED:

HENRY
I'm in the garden.

ROSEMARY (O.S. FILTER)
My garden?

Rosemary walks to the patio doors.

HENRY
They think you did it.

ROSEMARY
(Opening one of the doors) Did what? (Looking around) Henry, where are you? They think I did... (Realization) God. Janine?

Henry moves behind the sea of masks, his blank face looking almost normal among the others.

HENRY
You've got to be careful. What... what you say...

ROSEMARY
Henry, this is crazy. Why did you come h...

HENRY
I needed to talk to you, needed...to see you.

89 INT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

STYLES stands in a POWDER ROOM, snorting a line of powder.

STYLES
You know how it is, right? You been around the block a few times.

Styles wipes his nose, opens the door, and steps out into...

90 INT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

...an opulent living room, where DISIMONE is pacing.

STYLES
Didn't you ever go out and...you know...salami-around on the side?

DISIMONE
No. Of course, if I had cutie-pies hangin' all over me, like you do...

90 CONTINUED:

STYLES
I never touch the chickies. Word gets out, I'm fried, the magazine is fried. No, if I wanna go salami-around...I look for a grown-up, you know what I mean?

DISIMONE
I think so, yeah. A 'grown-up'... like somebody else's wife.

STYLES
Fuck you, Pope Pious.

DISIMONE
Where's your wife?

STYLES
Ex-wife. In her bedroom.

91 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - GARDEN - AFTERNOON

ROSEMARY moves slowly into her garden. HENRY watches.

HENRY
There are only two people who had a reason to...to murder Janine. You. And me. Right now one of us knows... it was the other who did it.

ROSEMARY
No. No, Henry, I swear to you...

HENRY
Listen to m...

ROSEMARY
...it wasn't me.

HENRY
I'm not accusing you, I'm trying...

ROSEMARY
I didn't do it, Henry, you've got to believe me, please...

HENRY
Listen to what I'm saying! One of us did it! If it wasn't you...

ROSEMARY
It had to be someone else. Someone else who had a reason...

91 CONTINUED:

KER-TCHICK! STYLES brings DISIMONE out through the patio doors from Rosemary's bedroom.

STYLES (O.S.)
Rosie? We got the cops again.

Henry ducks down among the masks.

HENRY
(Whispering) I'm telling you that...

Rosemary CLICKS off her wireless, not hearing...

HENRY (CONT'D)
...it was me!

Styles and DiSimone approach.

DISIMONE
Sorry to bother you, ma'am. I know this has been...tough.

STYLES
Hey. Rosie's tough. Right, babe? One tough broad, my Rosie.

ROSEMARY
(Irritated) What do you want me to tell him, Milo?

STYLES
Come on. What? I'm not hiding anything. I told them already! You caught us, took pictures.

ROSEMARY
Thanks. (Eyeing DiSimone) All that means...is that I was there.

STYLES
You *were* there! But I also told 'em... (To DiSimone) didn't I? Tell ya? (To Rosemary) I said there is no fuckin' way Rosie had anything to do with this.

ROSEMARY
(To DiSimone) I left before...

STYLES
I told 'em you left!

ROSEMARY
SHUT UP, MILO!

91 CONTINUED: (2)

STYLES
See that? See how she...

DISIMONE
Mr. Styles...the lady asked you to shut up. Go ahead, ma'am. Anything else you wanted to say?

ROSEMARY
(Suppressing anger) No, I... No.

Unconvinced, DiSimone scans Rosemary's garden. His eyes move over the spot where Henry is hiding. Henry freezes.

DISIMONE
These, er...these masks...

STYLES
Weird, huh? My wife's hobby.

Rosemary follows DiSimone's gaze. Her eyes widen.

ROSEMARY
(Quickly) Let's go inside.

DiSimone focuses on the intricate painting on the masks.

DISIMONE
Fancy. Except for...(pointing) that one there. How come it's blank?

STYLES
New one, right? Who'd you do? Last night, at the... Christ. You did Henry. That's fuckin' Henry.

DISIMONE
Henry? Creedlow?

ROSEMARY
I asked him to paint it, but I guess he forgot. Can we...go in? It's...

STYLES
Yeah. Come on, what do Rosie's masks have to do with any of this, right?

DISIMONE
You never know when something might figure in.

They move toward the house. Rosemary is the last to go inside. She glances back at the garden. Henry is gone.

92 EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVENING

REPORTERS descend on DISIMONE'S CAR as he parks in front of police headquarters. DISIMOME pushes through the crowd.

REPORTER
Who is he? What's his name? The guy on the tape?

DISIMONE
What tape? I don't know what you're talking about.

93 INT. HOMICIDE BUREAU - EVENING

A MURKY IMAGE flickers on a TV SCREEN. It's the VIDEO TAPE from the "BRUISER" SECURITY camera. It shows HENRY ducking into the FIRE STAIRS. He looks like a man without a face.

RAKOWSKI
Security camera. Some asshole leaked it to the press. (Gesturing) Look at the guy. It's a mask, right? It's gotta be...some kind of mask.

DISIMONE registers this. The tape repeats, over and over, ending each time on a frozen image of Henry's blank face.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
...the suspect remains at large. Police have refused to comment on the identity of the victim, or any possible motive for the brutal...

RAKOWSKI
It's Creedlow. The husband. Anyway, it's a guy, right? I mean, obviously it's a guy.

DISIMONE
What's so obvious? It could be a dame. The Newley dame...she makes masks. Hundreds of 'em. But only one that's blank. Molded off Henry Creedlow's face.

A UNIFORMED SERGEANT looks at them, shaking his head.

SERGEANT
A crack in the case. The perp has a mask. Check the calendar, guys. It's Halloween. Everybody's got a fuckin' mask.

94 INT. RACQUET CLUB - LAP POOL - EVENING

LARSON swims in a vast windowless room. Ceiling lamps kick light off the water onto the walls. He comes up for air and sees A SHADOW interrupting the nervous flashes of light.

LARSON
Hey! Is...somebody there?

VOICE (O.S.)
A friend.

The words ECHO. Larson freezes, almost sinking.

LARSON
Henry? It...it's you, right?

No response. Larson's eyes search the shadows.

LARSON (CONT'D)
Come on, man. What's the deal? What are you, fuckin' with me here?

HENRY (O.S.)
Why would I fuck with you, Jimbo? Have you been fuckin' with me?

Henry's voice seems to be coming from everywhere, bouncing off the tile walls.

LARSON
(Worried) You...you found out, right? Okay. Better. Better that it's on the table. Better that you finally...

HENRY (O.S.)
Found out? What on earth could I have possibly 'found out', my friend? (Beat) Oh. You mean the money. The money that you stole!

Larson turns and begins to thrash his way across the pool.

HENRY (O.S.)
(Calmly) How long have we known each other, Jimbo?

LARSON
A long time. Long, long time.

Henry's shadow oozes across the pool, magnified by the light. Larson kicks harder, trying to reach the coping.

94 CONTINUED:

HENRY (O.S.)
Do you think it's right to steal from someone you've known for a long, long time?

SPULLAAASHHH! Larson is startled by something HITTING the water. He turns to see A FILE FOLDER and some loose PAPERS floating on the undulating swells.

HENRY (CONT'D O.S.)
That shiny, new Beemer of yours? I bought it for you, didn't I?

Larson lunges for the edge of the pool. He hurls himself out onto the coping, squishes to his feet, and RUNS into...

95 INT. RACQUET CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

...the dark, deserted locker room.

LARSON
Paul? ANYBODY! IS ANYBODY IN HERE?

HENRY (O.S.)
Don't worry, Jimbo. You're not alone.

LARSON backs into the room, trying to see where Henry is.

LARSON
Come on, Henry. Who...who's your buddy? You have to...to trust me.

WHOMP! A SHADOW lunges out of nowhere. Larson stumbles, spinning out of its grasp. He trips. Falls. His foot gets caught under a locker. Something SNAPS.

LARSON (CONT'D)
AAAAAAHH! FUCK!

HENRY approaches, his face veiled in shadow.

LARSON (CONT'D)
I...need a doctor, Henry, I...broke something, something's broken!

Henry pulls him up. Larson SCREAMS in pain. Henry SLAMS him into a locker, SLAPS him with wet papers from the pool.

HENRY
Here, Jimbo. You signed them. Right where it says 'AUTHORIZING AGENT'!

Henry backs into the shadows, slowly pulling out his gun.

95 CONTINUED:

LARSON
H-Henry, what are you, nuts! Jesus Christ, are you fuckin' CRAZY? AAAAH, it hurts. It HURTS SO BAD!

Larson slumps to the floor. Henry aims the pistol at him.

LARSON (CONT'D)
NOOOOO! Dear God, please, no! Thirty-some grand. Over two years. That's all I took. Janine got the rest. It was her idea! I'll give it back. I'll give it all back, I swear! My...my briefcase. It's in my locker. I'll make out a check. Right now!

Larson fishes his locker key out of his trunks and slides it across the floor. Henry lowers his gun, apparently satisfied, and picks up the key.

HENRY
I...think you might have pissed yourself, there, buddy. Must be stress, huh? Too much stress.

Larson looks down. A stain is spreading on the floor.

LARSON
(Enraged) You dick! You *like* this, don't you? You wanna see me suffer!

HENRY
I ought to get something out of it, don't you think?

Henry opens Larson's locker. A black attaché case rests inside. For an instant, a shaft of light illuminates him.

LARSON
Henry, y-your face. You look...

HENRY
Different? I am, Jimbo. I am!

Henry HURLS the attache at Larson.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Why? Why did you do it to me?

LARSON
I said...I'll write you a check. We'll be...all square, all even.

95 CONTINUED: (2)

Larson grabs the attaché and frantically spins the locks.

HENRY
Tell me, you prick! WHY DID YOU DO IT TO ME?

LARSON
Janine kept your books. I...I thought you...wouldn't notice.

HENRY
You never noticed me. So you thought I'd never notice you. (A slight laugh) Is that it? Really?

LARSON
Yes. So go shoot yourself, you crazy bastard! Not ME!

HENRY
No. I'm taking your advice, Jimbo. The one decent bit of 'investment' advice you ever gave me. If I get cheesed enough to shoot somebody, the last person I'm gonna shoot...is me.

The locks CLICK open on the attaché. Larson reaches in, grabs a .38 and...BLAM BLAM...fires at Henry. The bullets miss. Henry rolls on the floor and fires back...BLAM! A single shot HITS Larson in the chest.

LARSON
(Astonished) YOU SHIT! YOU FUCKING LUNATIC...ASSHOLE...SHIiii...hhhh...

Larson FLOPS face down on the floor. Henry gathers himself, heart pounding. He leans against a wall, looks at the gun in his hand, and blows across the tip of the smoking barrel.

96 EXT. QUARRY LAKE - NIGHT

THE GRILL of a BMW eases toward the edge of a high bluff. CRANE UP TO REVEAL...LARSON sitting dead behind the wheel.

HENRY
Best money I ever spent.

HENRY is pushing the car. It starts to slide. Henry steps back as...the BMW plunges into an abandoned lake below.

HENRY (CONT'D)
THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE!

97 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - HOMICIDE BUREAU - NIGHT

BURTRAM sits at a table with RAKOWSKI. Beyond glass walls, POLICEMEN answer phones that are ringing off the hook.

RAKOWSKI
So I'm supposed to write down that you can't describe the guy?

BURTRAM
Describe who?

RAKOWSKI
Yeah, yeah. I know. He had no face.

BURTRAM
Am I a suspect here? Fine. Fine! If I'm a suspect, I'd like to consult a lawyer before I...

DISIMONE steps into the room, carrying a brown deli-bag.

DISIMONE
Did I hear the 'L' word? Relax, Mr. Burtram. Here, you want a cup of coffee? I brought extra.

BURTRAM
This...Nazi shows up at my house. I didn't have to come down here with him, did I?

DISIMONE
No sir, you didn't. So, why did you?

BURTRAM
Because...because...I was...

DISIMONE
Scared?

Burtram nods.

DISIMONE (CONT'D)
Of what?

BURTRAM
The murderer, that's what! What if he comes around and tries to nail *me*?

DISIMONE
'He'? It was a guy?

97 CONTINUED:

BURTRAM
What do you want him to be? It could have been a fuckin' aardvark for all I know!

DISIMONE
Wearing a mask, right?

BURTRAM
Maybe...a mask, but I don't think...

DISIMONE
If it was a mask...then whoever was wearing it might have been a woman?

BURTRAM
Might have been, yes. He...she...it might have been anyone! Any-thing!

98 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

BURTRAM exits the building with a sigh of relief. A TRUCK is unloading the evening TABLOIDS at a corner NEWSSTAND. A stack of papers hits the curb. A FRAME from the SECURITY VIDEO is on the front page beneath the headline...FACELESS!

Burtram heads to his car, unaware of A DARK FIGURE watching from the shadows outside a men's store. It's HENRY. His face resembles the staring MANNEQUINS in the store window.

99 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - HOMICIDE BUREAU - NIGHT

DISIMONE and RAKOWSKI walk through the office.

DISIMONE
Either Burtram doesn't know anything, or he's clamped.

RAKOWSKI
Why would he clamp?

DISIMONE
He saw the killer, and it turned out to be his boss' old lady!

The phones in the office continue to ring.

RAKOWSKI
Forty calls an hour since that video came on the news. Everyone wants to know who Faceless is. You're the only one who knows. The boss' old lady.

99 CONTINUED:

DISIMONE
We got a fucked-over husband, and a fucked-over wife. We can't find the fucked-over husband. He might have been waxed, too. So what do we have? The fucked-over wife! Stake her out.

RAKOWSKI
Okay. But I raise you another hundred. That's two-fifty says the fucked-over wife didn't do nothin'.

100 EXT. BURTRAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The night is dark except for the GLOW of an underwater LIGHT in a bubbling HOT TUB. BURTRAM sits in the boil, staring through clouds of steam. Suddenly...SPLASH! Something SWELLS out of the water like a serpent. It's NUMBER NINE, her wet hair clinging to her bare chest. An Oriental goddess...who sounds disappointingly like a Valley girl.

NUMBER NINE
Geez-oh-man. You're still not hard.

BURTRAM
Sorry.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA...DODGING BEHIND SHRUBS that surround the tub. Leaves rustle. WHAP! A twig snaps.

NUMBER NINE
What was that?

BURTRAM
(Looking) Nothing. It's okay.

NUMBER NINE
Come on, let's try again. I'm ready.

BURTRAM
I guess...I'm not.

HENRY'S WHITE EYES peer out from behind a rhododenron. His PISTOL is in his hand. Silently, he pulls the hammer back.

NUMBER NINE
You used to say I got you going more than anyone ever got you going.

BURTRAM
You do. (He takes her hand) I had hopes for us, babe, I really did. But I have to get out.

100 CONTINUED:

NUMBER NINE
What d'ya mean? Out of the tub?

BURTRAM
(Chuckling) Out of town. Out of all the bullshit. Out. Just...out.

NUMBER NINE
This is about the cops, right? (Excited) Are you, like...wanted or something? Are you on the lam?

Burtram laughs again, still finding her cute.

BURTRAM
No. The...the woman who died? The police think I might have killed her. I didn't. But...I know who did.

NUMBER NINE
Jesus, who?

In the bushes, Henry aims his pistol at Burtram's head.

BURTRAM
Some...guy. An ordinary guy.

NUMBER NINE
Liar. What, is he, a friend of yours or something?

BURTRAM
I barely know him. But in the end, he might turn out to be the best friend I ever had.

Henry relaxes. He releases the hammer and lowers the gun.

BURTRAM (CONT'D)
I'm not running away from the police. I'm running away because if I stick with this...sorry excuse for a life, I'll be lost.

NUMBER NINE
Clue. You are lost! You want me to pack up and run away with you when I'm gonna be on the cover of *Bruiser*?

BURTRAM
I didn't ask you to come with me. I wish you would, but I figure you won't. (Softly) God, you're pretty.

100 CONTINUED: (2)

Burtram stands and gets out of the tub.

NUMBER NINE
I got the cover, Tommy.

Burtram heads for the house. Number Nine lifts herself out of the bubbles, her body arching in righteous indignation.

NUMBER NINE (CONT'D)
YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE TOWN WHEN I GOT *THE COVER?*

Burtram goes inside. In the bushes, Henry smiles. The moon makes his EYES FLASH. Hearing FOOTSTEPS, Number Nine turns and sees his dark figure rushing into the woods.

NUMBER NINE (CONT'D)
Hey! CREEP! What d'ya, want a free peek? Here it is, baby! TOMORROW IT'LL COST MORE THAN YOU CAN AFFORD!

DISSOLVE TO:

101 EXT. CITY PARK - DAWN

The sky is purple, the city dead quiet. THE CAMERA CRANES down onto Henry's VOLVO, parked under a stand of trees.

102 I/E. VOLVO - DAWN

HENRY wakes up, shivering. He has spent the night in the car. A layer of FROST coats the windows. Henry's face reflects weakly in the glass, white-on-white, ghost-like. He starts the car, turns on the defroster, then the radio.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
...sixty-six, WQRZ. The sixty-sixth caller wins a t-shirt with a picture of...NOTHING...on it. Alright, caller, who do you think Faceless is?

CALLER #1 (O.S. FILTER)
My brother. He has a problem with authority.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Then spank him, moron! Next!

The windshield begins to clear. Henry's reflection seems to evaporate. He turns on the wipers to hurry the process.

CALLER #2 (O.S. FILTER)
I think it's you, Larry.

102 CONTINUED:

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Very funny.

CALLER #2 (O.S. FILTER)
No one ever sees your face. You're just a voice on the radio. Anomalous.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Anonymous, you idiot. Which is one thing I am not! (CLICK) Come on, people. The phone lines are open.

103 EXT. CITY PARK - DAWN

HENRY drives off. THE RADIO VOICES keep jabbering.

CALLER #3 (O.S. FILTER)
This is Frank Himmelfarb, Larry.

HOST (O.S. FILTER)
Who the hell is Frank Himmelfarb?

CALLER #3 (O.S. FILTER)
My point exactly.

104 EXT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

ROSEMARY walks through her garden. The sun is bright... almost too bright...making everything look crisp and clear. Yet it's bitterly cold. Rosemary shudders, sipping a mug of hot coffee. Steam mingles with her breath to form a thick cloud, through which Rosemary sees...A SMEAR OF WHITE among the autumn flowers. It's Henry's unpainted MASK.

HENRY (O.S.)
Recognize me?

Through the steam, the mask seems to be speaking.

ROSEMARY
H-Henry.

HENRY (O.S.)
Finally, a 'lost soul'...identified.

THE WIND HOWLS. The mask tumbles off its mount. It lands face-up, hollow, empty...only a mask, with no magical life. Rosemary kneels, reaching for it. What comes up in her hands isn't plaster. It's FLESH! First a head, then a body...HENRY'S BODY...rises from the earth as if exhumed from a grave...corrupted...crawling with maggots.

105 INT. TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ROSEMARY wakes from the dream with a start. She's lying on her living room couch. Everything seems normal. She goes to the patio doors and looks out at the garden. Henry's mask ISN'T THERE. Rosemary tenses, turning to see...HENRY standing a few feet away. He's wearing the mask...which is now PAINTED. Sad, cartoon tears drip from the eyelids.

HENRY
I didn't mean to startle you.

ROSEMARY
What are you doing here?

HENRY
I'm leaving. Moving away. But first, I have accounts to settle.

ROSEMARY
(Calling) MILO!

HENRY
He's not here. I saw him drive away a while ago. About an hour, actually.

ROSEMARY
An hour. (Scared) So...the accounts you want to settle...are with me.

HENRY
Yes. I didn't want to wake you. I used the time to...to do this. (He runs a finger over the painted tears) So you could see how badly I feel about...about everything.

The calmness, the quiet determination in Henry's voice makes him seem quite insane. Rosemary backs away slowly.

HENRY
(Ignoring her) You know...for the world's number one wuss, I'm becoming a pretty good second-story man. Came in through a back window. Had to. Police are here again. Out front.

Rosemary looks out a window and sees TWO COPS sitting in a stake-out car. Weighing her options, she dashes to the front door. Henry intercepts her.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I can't let you go out there.

105 CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY
I didn't do it, Henry. I swear, I had nothing to do with what happened to Janine!

HENRY
You still don't see. Why? Guilt? Why would you be feeling...guilty?

ROSEMARY
Because...I'm part of it all. Part of why...Milo... (Beat) I...I knew!

HENRY
You knew? What? About Milo...and...

Rosemary nods.

HENRY
For how long?

ROSEMARY
Not...not long, just... Take off the mask, please, Henry, you're scaring me.

Henry turns away, leaving the mask in place.

HENRY
God.

ROSEMARY
I didn't do it, Henry. Please. Take off the mask and...

HENRY
We...we get so used to lies, to deceit...it makes us...

ROSEMARY
...question...

HENRY
...everything. It makes us question everything. It makes us do things... we don't want to do.

ROSEMARY
(Dawning) You. You said...you and I were the only ones who... Jesus. I was so sure you thought it was me that I never... And I couldn't imagine...

105 CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY
No one...would ever imagine. Who, *Henry?* What's his name? That mouse? Heh. A mouse in a rat pack. The mouse that roared.

Henry looks around the opulent room.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You don't need all this shit, Rosie. Why don't you just kick it over and get out? Get away from that creep.

ROSEMARY
I...I'm trying to. Henry y...

HENRY
Trying? You never learned how to walk? You just put one foot in front of the other until you can't smell the stink anymore!

ROSEMARY
(A nerve hit) It's not that simple!

HENRY
In your head, it's not that simple. But out here, where your feet touch the ground, it is.

ROSEMARY
Right! As simple as murder!

Rosemary reaches out to pull off the mask. Henry dodges.

ROSEMARY
TAKE THAT THING OFF! TAKE IT OFF AND GIVE IT BACK TO ME! IT'S MINE!

HENRY
No. It's mine. And I have a use for it.

Rosemary lunges again. Henry holds her wrists tight... until she finally goes limp and begins to sob. Henry pulls her into an embrace, nesting his hidden face in her hair.

HENRY
Stop. Shhhh.

Henry guides Rosemary gently to a chair and sits her down. The sad mask stares at her for a moment...then Henry turns, goes to a phone, and dials.

105 CONTINUED: (3)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I...I can understand, Henry. If you did it...

Henry looks at her as he waits for ringing on the line.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I can't forget it, I can't forgive it, but I...understand. I know what it's like when you reach that point...where you can't take it anymore, where you feel so...so betrayed...

HENRY
(Into phone) I'll hold. (To Rosemary) What you don't understand is that...when you let people betray you, you betray yourself. That's what you're doing, Rosie...sticking with him.

ROSEMARY
I...I grew up with...nothing. All I ever had was...a body that wasn't so bad...and a face that's...

HENRY
...beautiful. All the faces you've photographed...all the faces in your garden...none is as lovely as yours.

The mask, eternally weeping, stares into Rosemary's eyes. Rosemary's tears are less eternal, but more real.

ROSEMARY
We...we should have...spoken.

HENRY
We spoke. You weren't listening.

ROSEMARY
In the office. Friday. You said you owed Milo a debt. You thought I didn't know what you meant. I did. You were saying that...if it wasn't for that debt, maybe...you and I...

HENRY
(Into phone) Yes, is this Larry Case? Am I on the air? Damn, that was easy.

Rosemary watches him, surprised.

105 CONTINUED: (4)

HENRY (CONT'D)
(Into phone) I'm calling because I know who Faceless is. It's...me. My name is Henry Creedlow. I...murdered my wife.

ROSEMARY
(Stunned) Henry...for God's sake...

HENRY
(Into phone) Yes, and there's a woman. Her name was Katie Saldano. Actually, that wasn't murder, at least not pre-meditated...but I killed her.

ROSEMARY
(Grabbing for the phone) Stop it! STOP IT!

HENRY
(Into phone) And my old friend, Jimmy Larson...he's sitting in a BMW at the bottom of Quarry Lake. I shot him, but it was self-defense. He fired first.

Rosemary stops wrestling and looks at Henry, amazed.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(Into phone) The police are talking to a guy named Burtram. He didn't do anything. He's a good guy. The only person in my life, I think, who didn't write me off. No. Not the only person. There's Rosie.

From behind the drill-holes in his mask, Henry's real eyes return Rosemary's gaze. He strokes her hair.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Rosemary Newley. She had nothing to do with any of this. And she'll have nothing to do with...whatever happens...later tonight.

Henry hangs up, turning to Rosemary.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna cut you loose, Rosie.

Henry runs to the rear of the house. Rosemary hurries to the front door. She grabs the knob. Hesitates. Grabs the knob again. What should she do? She goes to the window and looks out at the police car. What should she do?

105 CONTINUED: (5)

SOUND OVER: the tinkling of BELLS, odd, dissonant. A happy sound gone sour.

DISSOLVE TO:

106 EXT. "BRUISER" MAGAZINE OFFICES - NIGHT

A THREE-PEAKED HAT with BELLS jingling on each tip is worn by A JESTER, whose face is painted like a checkerboard. His tongue darts to lick the cleavage between a pair of breasts.

A WOMAN'S HAND slaps the jester away. She's dressed as JOAN OF ARC, but the armor around her chest has been torn open, as if by an explosion. Her breasts protrude proudly.

ST. JOAN
Just 'cause I choose to show myself, doesn't mean I want to be raped!

WIDEN TO REVEAL: A CROWD of COSTUMED PARTYGOERS clustered outside the "BRUISER" office building. A steady stream of chartered BUSES is shuttling them off, fifty at a time. BATMAN (a woman) speaks to ROBIN (a towering stud).

BATMAN
Do you believe I've never been on a bus before?

ROBIN
You haven't missed much. Leave it to Milo to make us go slumming.

107 I/E. BUS - NIGHT

PARTYGOERS are driven through SKID ROW, the scungiest back streets of the city.

KUKLA
Where the hell are we going?

FRAN
Relax. It's Halloween. Milo's trying to scare us, is all.

OLLIE
Yeah, well...he's doing a good job.

WHAM! A HIDEOUS FACE appears at the nearest window. Not a ghost or a goblin...but an inner-city night-crawler.

OTHER FACES APPEAR, on all sides. The bus BRAKES to a stop. THREE FILTHY MALES with dreadlocks force their way on board, brandishing GUNS!

107 CONTINUED:

DREADLOCK
Awrite! We don't have no time, so let's make this quick! Y'all holdin' any good shit, toss it out on the floor, there.

The partygoers PANIC. Some try to duck. Others scream. Others pitch their valuables onto the floor.

DREADLOCK (CONT'D)
GOTCHA!

He aims his pistol at the BUS DRIVER. BLAM! A LITTLE FLAG unfurls with that very word printed on it..."BLAM".

DREADLOCK (CONT'D)
Hey, let's PARTYYYYY!

108 EXT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

THE BUSES deposit COSTUMERS outside a derelict FACTORY, a place where none of these "sophisticates" would want to be caught dead. ACTORS, hooded like CHARON, weilding long-handled scythes, direct the foot traffic.

109 INT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

Inside, the place is a dark sprawl with no visible ends. A relic of the Industrial Age, it has large spaces that once housed heavy machinery; small spaces that were once offices. There is a maze of corridors, warrens of unknown shafts, crumbling walls, floors with holes that gape blacker than the black above them. Five stories of this, inhabited by birds, rats, bats. Much money has been spent to decorate for Halloween, but none of it spent on repairs or amenities. The place looks, smells, and probably is...dangerous.

CHARON
Pick your poison. Different strokes for different folks. Different rooms for different dooms!

Rooms. Many, many rooms, each with a bar, each with MUSIC piped in from...

...the central cavity...a highly designed HELL, where most of the guests have gravitated, where a BAND plays live, on a cobwebbed STAGE. Above the musicians, captive in leather straps and chains, FIVE BODIES are writhing, two females, three males, apparently naked, like witches and warlocks awaiting punishment, SCREAMING. Constantly. SCREAMING.

109 CONTINUED:

RICHARD NIXON
This is too much.

BIG BIRD
How do you mean?

RICHARD NIXON
I mean...it's great! I mean... isn't it?

110 EXT. "BRUISER" BUILDING - NIGHT

Most of the partygoers have already been transported. HENRY stands, mysterious and alone, waiting for a bus. He wears a long cape, its high collar curled around the back of his head, his PAINTED MASK hiding his face. A BUS pulls up. Henry gets on. His cape blows open, revealing the GLINT of a CHROME PISTOL tucked into his belt.

VOICE (O.S.)
Wait! Wait for us!

Henry pulls the cape closed as FOUR PARTY-PEOPLE rush toward the bus. ONE MAN struggles in a head-to-toe rubber sheath. He's dressed as a CONDOM. A SECOND MAN wears two rectangles of foam-core. He's a ONE-EYED-JACK, with his one eye rigged to WINK. Winking at Henry, he turns to his date, who is dressed as LITTLE EGYPT. It comes slowly, but after a moment...Henry recognizes her. She's NUMBER NINE.

NUMBER NINE
Hiya.

HENRY
Hiya.

NUMBER NINE
I'm the new cover girl. Who are you? Do I know you?

HENRY
No. I voted for number seven.

The bus pulls out. Henry looks out the window and sees... A CROWN VICKIE following. Through the holes in his mask, he sees the silhouettes of two...no...three people inside.

111 EXT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

THE BUS pulls in. PASSENGERS step off. Walking toward the factory, HENRY glances back as the CROWN VICKIE parks. ROSEMARY climbs out, followed by DISIMONE and RAKOWSKI.

112 INT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

HENRY enters the party, freezing as he sees...A FACELESS MAN. Henry's eyes dart. Another BLANK FACE pops through the crowd. And ANOTHER. ANOTHER. Dozens of people are masquerading as the faceless killer.

MUSIC throbs. COSTUMED BODIES writhe. STYLES, dressed as the DEVIL, replete with horns and a tail, introduces the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (MARIAH BREED) and her MUNCHKINS (the women from Rosie's loft) to a very naked LADY GODIVA.

STYLES
Gorgeous, huh? I'm head-over-heels!

BREED
Who designed your...costume?

GODIVA
Me. It's aaalll me. (Shivering)
God, I'm fuckin' freezing, though.

Breed points to a handlebar MUSTACHE on Godiva's upper lip.

BREED
That's an interesting touch.

STYLES
You believe it? (Pulling on the handlebars) It's real! It's gonna be a whole new thing. Dames with mustaches. It made me change my mind about the November cover. I thought a Nip would be new and dif, but shit, what could top this?

NUMBER NINE suddenly appears behind them.

NUMBER NINE
No! You can't change your mind. I told everybody! I got the *cover!*

Number Nine starts to bawl as A FACE in a PAINTED MASK glides past, only a few feet behind her. It's HENRY.

HENRY
Evening, Milo? How they hangin'?

STYLES
What? Whozzat?

Styles looks at the disguised faces all around him. He can't tell where the VOICE came from. His horns twitch.

113 EXT. CENTRAL SPACE - NIGHT

THE BAND PLAYS. WIRES run from under the stage to a MIXING CONSOLE, where an ENGINEER and TWO PYROTECHIES are assembling equipment. HENRY sidles up to one of them.

HENRY
Chester?

The engineer, CHESTER, looks at Henry.

CHESTER
Yeah.

HENRY
Henry. Creedlow. We spoke, on the phone.

CHESTER
Oh, yeah. How ya doin'?

HENRY
(Nodding at the equipment) What's all this?

CHESTER
Sequencing. Nub unit, there, picks up signals...so we can, you know... do it all in time with the music.

Henry picks up an innocuous-looking iron pipe.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
(Snatching it away) Whoah! Careful. Hydraulic cannon. Has the kick of a twelve-gauge. We use it for ginger-bread. Glitter. Confetti and shit.

Chester pushes a button on the side of the tube. PHOOOMPH! Mylar glitter EXPLODES into the air. Chester grins and hands back the pipe. A spent hydraulic cylinder protrudes from inside by a half-inch.

HENRY
Killer, man. Fuckin' killer.

CHESTER
Wait'll you see. Just wait'll you see. It's gonna be top-drawer edgy. Top-fuckin'-drawer *edgy!*

Henry turns, carefully studying other wired units that are mounted on the walls. They resemble machine guns.

114 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

ROSEMARY enters one of the party rooms and scans the crowd. DISIMONE and RAKOWSKI pull up behind her. They are the only three without costumes.

DISIMONE
You're sure your husband's here?

ROSEMARY
Of course he's here. It's his party!

RAKOWSKI
Let's hope Creedlow doesn't cut the evening short for him.

115 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA...RUSHING DOWN A BACK HALLWAY. COBWEBS sway on a breeeze. Running FOOTSTEPS are the only SOUND. Gradually, the PARTY NOISE gets louder. Through the broken panel of A WOODEN DOOR, PARTYGOERS come into view.

116 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

ROSEMARY stands on the edge of the CROWD. DISIMONE and RAKOWSKI peer through the riot of people.

DISIMONE
I don't like this. You should have let us come out alone.

ROSEMARY
How would you recognize him?

DISIMONE
What, recognize him? He's probably wearing that mask. The one you made.

ROSEMARY
I know how it's painted.

RAKOWSKI
We gotta find Styles. Stick with his ass. So nobody jumps him.

THE WOODEN DOOR suddenly BURSTS off its hinges, knocking DiSimone down. Rakowski instinctively reaches out to his partner. As he does, WOOOOSH! HENRY'S CAPED ARM shoots out of the cobwebbed corridor and SNATCHES Rosemary away.

DISIMONE
(Stumbling to his feet) That was him!

117 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DISIMONE and RAKOWSKI rush into the corridor. It's empty.

RAKOWSKI
Where the hell did they go?

The detectives run into the shadows, not noticing a RUSTED DOOR, flush with the wall, that leads to...

118 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

...a large, battered freight elevator as old as the building itself. AN OVERHEAD LAMP casts a PALE LIGHT. HENRY pilots the car upward, finally releasing the manual control lever. The elevator LURCHES to a stop between floors. He turns to ROSEMARY, who leans against the far wall, frightened.

ROSEMARY
Henry? (Beat) Is...Is Milo...?

HENRY
No. Not...not yet.

119 INT. CENTRAL SPACE - NIGHT

DISIMONE and RAKOWSKI emerge from the corridor and lunge at a patrolling SECURITY GUARD.

DISIMONE
Police. I got a woman missing and a killer running around in here.

SECURITY GUARD
Wh-what?

DISIMONE
Which part didn't you understand?

120 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

HENRY closes in on ROSEMARY, his mask a dull gloom. She looks around, trapped by the elevator's corroded walls.

HENRY
You brought the police.

ROSEMARY
I couldn't just...let you...

HENRY
They won't stop me. You won't stop me. Not until I've finalized your divorce.

120 CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY
Henry, no...there are other ways to...

HENRY
To what? You won't let the bastard go! You're still living with him! He probably still gets to fuck you in the shower whenever he has the leftover energy!

Rosemary SLAPS him, knocking his mask askew. Henry straightens it calmly, in control.

HENRY
Am I wrong?

ROSEMARY
Yes. (Shouting) YES!

Rosemary lunges again. Henry catches her hand, his cape flying open...revealing the PISTOL in his belt.

ROSEMARY (CONT.)
Don't...don't do this, Henry. They know who you are. You told the whole world who you ARE! Why did you do that? You could have let them...

HENRY
What? Go on thinking it was you?

ROSEMARY
I would have gotten away with it!

HENRY
The police...

ROSEMARY
They had no proof!

Rosemary looks at him, tears in her eyes again.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Even... if they did... You know it. You said it. I'm guilty. Just as guilty as... (Beat) Henry, please. You told me you were leaving. Go! Now! While you still have a chance. I...I've lost you, anyway. Whatever we had, it's finished.

HENRY
Whatever we had? We had nothing!

120 CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY
No. Not nothing. In the middle of all the bullshit...we had...

She looks up at him, into the sad eyes of the mask.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
When you confessed that you killed those people...I was devastated. Not because...you did what you did, but because you admitted it. I knew it meant the end of having you as...

HENRY
As what? A pal? A fuckin' soul-mate? Get yourself a puppy! (Beat) No. On second thought, don't. Dogs get weird.

Henry snaps the control lever. The elevator lurches.

121 EXT. BEHIND THE MAIN PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

DISIMONE, RAKOWSKI, and the SECURITY GUARD rush into the TECHIE'S CONTROL CENTER. DiSimone flashes his badge.

DISIMONE
Police.

CHESTER
Yeah? So?

DISIMONE
So freeze. Don't push any buttons, Don't throw any switches. Don't do nothin'!

CHESTER
Too late, boss.

DISIMONE
What?

CHESTER
Can't stop it. It's all programmed. (Grinning) Wait'll you see, man. Just...wait'll you see!

The detectives exchange a worried glance.

RAKOWSKI
Oy.

122 INT. FOURTH FLOOR - MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

HENRY stops the elevator on the fourth floor. Opening the roll-gate, he turns to ROSEMARY.

ROSEMARY
Henry, please, I...I'm begging you.

Cartoon eyes stare back at her.

HENRY
Nobody's ever begged me before. Heh. Nobody's ever had to. They've always said...'do it, Henry. Just...do it!' (Beat) It feels good. To be begged.

Henry sweeps her into his arms and carries her toward the front of the elevator.

ROSEMARY
What if I said I'd come with you? We could leave. Together. Now.

Henry pauses, tempted...then hefts Rosemary out of the car, depositing her in the darkness of a vast, abandoned space.

HENRY
Take advantage of this, Rosie. Do what everyone else does, and...take advantage.

ROSEMARY
They'll catch you!

Henry darts back into the elevator.

HENRY
They won't know me. Ironic, isn't it? Wearing a mask, I might be recognized. But without a mask... I'm invisible.

123 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

HENRY SLAMS down the gate and hits the control lever. The elevator drops, taking him toward the NOISE of the party.

124 EXT. CENTRAL SPACE - NIGHT

RAGGEDY ANNE and ANDY are rockin' to the music when...

...WHOOPH! A LARGE CHOLO with SCARS on his face grabs Anne and holds a hypodermic needle to her throat.

124 CONTINUED:

CHOLO
(To Andy) What you got, skin? Anything I want? Tell me straight, else I slip the lady, here. H.I.V., y'unnerstan?

ANDY
Not...not really.

CHOLO
Real as it gets, Joker.

VOICE (O.S.)
You're under arrest, asshole.

The Cholo turns to find DISIMONE holding a gun on him.

CHOLO
Wait, wait. I'm just sweep-up, man. Hired on, to be a spook. Here, look here...

The Cholo digs an I.D. out of his trousers.

CHOLO (CONT'D)
I'm straight, man, I swear, no lie.

DISIMONE
(Checking the I.D.) Fuck. FUCK!

DiSimone stalks off.

ANNE
Freaky.

ANDY
Yeah. Milo outdid himself.

MONTAGE: as the party kicks into higher gear. The later the hour, the more the debauchery. Everywhere, PEOPLE are eating, drinking, groping, snorting, shooting-up. THE DOG from "BLUE'S CLUES" is sucking the face off VAMPIRA when...

...HENRY appears out of the crowd and approaches them.

HENRY
You guys seen Milo?

VAMPIRA
He's dressed as Satan. Perfect, right? (Confidentially) Check out the, er...John Does.

125 INT. JOHN DOES - NIGHT

SIX OBLONG SILHOUETTES stand against a wall at the fringe of activity. A sign reads, *"JOHN DOE...YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO PISS IN YOUR PANTS AGAIN."* Plumbing in the factory has long been shut off. Porto-Potties have been brought in for the night. One of them is a wide-body with a handicapped emblem. The unit is rocking, emitting MOANS of ecstasy.

WOMAN'S VOICE
EEE...EEEEEEE... AAAAAAAAH...

The rocking stops. Henry ducks into...

126 INT. JOHN DOE - NIGHT

...an adjacent unit. He hears muffled VOICES. Then the door next to his swings open. HENRY opens his own door and steps back outside, startling...

127 EXT. JOHN DOES - NIGHT

...STYLES, who JUMPS at the sight of him.

STYLES
Hey! (Relaxing) What the hell, you wanna scare somebody, this is the night. Come on, let's get a drink.

Styles puts an arm around Henry and steers him away.

STYLES
You're on to me, right? I mean, you were right next door. You must have heard. I always ask them to bring a handicapper. Nobody uses it, so it doesn't stink, and there's plenty of room to salami around.

HENRY
You mean...you had a woman with you?

STYLES
What d'ya think I was jerkin' off? My voice doesn't go that high.

HENRY
I...have to tell you, sir, that...in my opinion, you are just about the lowest thing that ever crawled.

STYLES
(Stunned) What?

127 CONTINUED:

HENRY
The way you make people jump through hoops, kiss your ass. We all mean nothing to you. Nothing.

STYLES
(Furious) That's right. You mean nothing. You know why? Because you are nothing! Small minds and smaller balls! A bunch of crawling ants is what you are! And I'm a fuckin' ANTEATER!

HENRY
(Calmly) I have to thank you, sir, for making what I'm about to do so much easier than it might have been.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Milo?

Styles turns to see LADY GODIVA, who has poked her head out of the wide-body.

STYLES
Jesus Christ, there's people around! Get back in there! I'll tell you when to come out!

With startling suddenness, HENRY'S GLOVED HAND appears and presses something under Styles' chin. AN IRON PIPE.

GODIVA
HOLY SHIT!

The naked woman ducks back inside as Henry pushes a trigger. WHOOOOOOMPPH! The piston in the tube CRUNCHES into Style's jaw-bone, knocking him unconscious amid a shower of GLITTER.

128 INT. CENTRAL SPACE - NIGHT

SCREAMS! WILD SCREAMS from the thrashing nudes who are dangling, strapped and chained, from the ceiling. Beneath them, the BAND is raising unholy Hell. DISIMONE catches a glimpse of...GLITTER...in the distant dark.

DISIMONE
What was that?

VOICE (O.S.)
What was what?

DiSimone turns to find SYLVESTER staring at him.

128 CONTINUED:

DISIMONE
I, er...I thought I saw...

SYLVESTER
...a pooty-tatt?

TCHUNNNG! All the LIGHTS...BLINK OUT! A CHEER RISES! A LASER DISPLAY shoots off overhead, in sync with the music...daggers of GREEN and RED, their brightness making the dark space seem darker.

KERR-AAAAASH! The sound of THUNDER, accompanied by a wash of WHITE LIGHT...concentrated...illuminating one of the writhing, captive BODIES...A FEMALE...SCREAMING!

THE LIGHTNING FADES. People are left blinded.

A moment later...

...MORE THUNDER! ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHT!

The captive female is SLASHED by LASERS which CUT HER BODY INTO SHREDS! BLOOD SPATTERS EVERYWHERE! Fake blood. From a fake body. During the blackout, the living woman was replaced by a DUMMY...which is now being DECIMATED by combat-level LASER BEAMS!

Partyers APPLAUD and CHEER wildly. RAKOWSKI comes running up to DiSimone.

RAKOWSKI
Anything?

DiSimone shakes his head, looking around in astonishment. Most of the light beams are synchronized, just for show, a conventional laser light display. But blasts from those "machine-gun" units are actually destructive. Gagged CRATES are HIT, sending off FIREWORKS. Bits of WALL and CEILING EXPLODE, showering DEBRIS.

One of the CHARONS appears on stage, shouting into a mike.

CHARON
Armageddon, ladies and gents!
AR-MA-GEDD-ONNN!

The place is ROCKED by CHEERING, HOOTING, HOWLING as the crowd abandons itself in a mad, writhing orgy of dance.

STREET PEOPLE, some planted actors, some actual derelicts, join in the celebration, twirling, kissing, marauding the rich and beautiful.

128 CONTINUED: (2)

Above the stage, the four NUDES still left dangling continue to SCREAM...their voices lost in the massive din.

DISIMONE
(Disgusted) Jesus. Sweet Jesus.

TCHUNG...the room goes dark again. A momentary HUSH falls. DiSimone takes advantage of the quiet.

DISIMONE (CONT'D)
CREEDLOW! WE GOT YOU, CREEDLOW!
YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET OUT OF HERE!
WE GOT YOUR ASS!

His voice is swallowed by...KER-AASSHH! SYNTHETIC THUNDER! There's another ARC of white LIGHTNING and in the glow...

...one of the NUDES is highlighted...A MALE. DiSimone recognizes him. Recognizes that his SCREAMS...are actual screams of TERROR. It's MILES STYLES.

ZZZZOOOOPH! LASERS SLICE HIM, opening wounds all over his body. His manhood is turning into a char.

PANIC ERUPTS. The reprogrammed lasers dart over the room, burning HOLES in drinks, shoes, masks. RAKOWSKI is HIT. A smouldering GASH cuts through his pants, burning his leg.

RAKOWSKI
(Dropping) Fuck...fuckin' guy...
Fuckin' guy... fuckin' got me.

DiSimone's hand comes away bloody from Rakowski's wound.

DISIMONE
Fuck me. I owe you, partner.

RAKOWSKI
Two...two-hundred-and-fifty.

DISIMONE
It's yours.

RAKOWSKI
Forget about it. I'm okay. Just...
get the fucker!

SCREEEEEE! BATS are released from cages overhead. They SWOOP down on the guests...

...and on DiSimone. The detective leaps to his feet, lifts his revolver and FIRES reflexively. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

128 CONTINUED: (3)

The gunshots inspire another wave of panic. People take off, running in all directions, their FEET racing across...

...Henry's CAPE...his MASK... his chrome-plated PISTOL... lying on the floor, abandoned.

THE BAND keeps on rocking. Some of the GUESTS, thinking the chaos is part of the show, keep on dancing.

CLOSE ON: BLACK SHOES rushing through the crowd. HENRY'S shoes. (We don't see his face.) He goes unnoticed until...

BREED (O.S.)
Henry?

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA...SPINNING AROUND TO FIND...MARIAH BREED, the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST, approaching.

BREED (CONT'D)
I didn't realize you were here.

CLOSE ON: HENRY'S HAND...as it rises to his face. His fingers find eyebrows, lashes. He is no longer a blank. His face is scarred, unshaven, stained with dried blood, but HIS FEATURES HAVE RETURNED.

BREED (CONT'D)
(Approaching) You knew it was a costume thing, right? You could have at least made an effort.

HENRY
My...my face. It's back!

BREED
Had it gone away somewhere?

HENRY
Yes, but...(stunned)...I stood up. I...stood up for myself...and...

BREED
Henry, you're a whacko. But you're a cutie. C'mon. Wanna dance?

Henry blinks, trying to clear his eyes...trying to clear his mind.

DISIMONE (O.S.)
HANDS IN THE AIR, CREEDLOW!

DISIMONE is twenty yards away. Henry seems too dazed to respond, even when the detective trains his .38 on him.

128 CONTINUED: (4)

DISIMONE (CONT'D)
Out of the way! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

Partyers are clustering. DiSimone fights through them, having lost his clear shot. Henry LAUGHS! He can't control himself.

HENRY
You want to shoot me? No, no, no.

DISIMONE
(Pushing people) OUT OF THE WAY!

Henry catches only glimpses of the detective through the swarming sea of false faces.

HENRY
I...I'm not the guy you want.

He starts toward DiSimone, making himself a better target.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'm not the guy! Not anymore!

DiSimone aims, preparing to fire.

BREED (O.S.)
(Screaming) AAAAAAAAAAH!

A PHANTOM has drawn up behind Breed, wearing A BLACK CAPE, A MASK painted with cartoon tears...and holding A CHROME-PLATED PISTOL to Breed's head. DiSimone turns to look. As soon as he moves, the caped figure swirls away.

DISIMONE
Shit. Stop that guy. STOP HIM!

DiSimone gives chase, shoving through the crowd, aiming his .38 at the caped figure. BLAM! BLAM! Henry registers the sound of the gunshots.

HENRY
No. No, this...this isn't right.

BLAM! The phantom, not hit, keeps running. ZZITT-ZZATTF-ZOOOF! LASERS FIRE overhead. PARTYERS scatter. Tables are TOPPLED, chairs SMASHED, bottles SHATTERED. People rip off their masks, leaving them to be TRAMPLED on the ground.

Casualties are few, but one errant LIGHT BEAM shoots in low...lower than the brim of The WICKED WITCH'S hat. Breed's black fingernails claw at her emerald make-up as a BURN HOLE SIZZLES on the flesh of her cheek.

128 CONTINUED: (5)

THE MAYHEM dies down. THE SMOKE clears. DISIMONE is left staring over the remnants. THE BAND is still playing for a few diehards. There's no sign of Henry.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)
He's gone.

DiSimone turns. ROSEMARY has stepped up behind him.

DISIMONE
No. He's somewhere. Somewhere. And I'm gonna find him.

ROSEMARY
Maybe. We'll see.

DISIMONE
Why'd you do it?

ROSEMARY
Hmmm? (With feigned innocence) Do...what?

DISIMONE
Lady...I've been skunked, alright? My partner's down, and I'm gonna have to answer for it. So, give me a break, okay?

Rosemary twirls Henry's MASK in her hand.

ROSEMARY
I have no idea what you're talking about. This...(holding up the mask) is mine. It belongs...to me.

She turns and walks away. The detective calls after her.

DISIMONE
Hey. You find him before I do...give me a call, okay?

ROSEMARY
Find...who?

DISIMONE
Happy Halloween.

ROSEMARY
Same to you, detective. Happy... whatever.

LONG, SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

129 INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Identical CUBICLES with no ceilings. Identical DRONES slaving away. THE CAMERA TRACKS THE HANDS of a MESSENGER delivering mail rhythmically from cubby-to-cubby. As he moves down the row, A VOICE gets louder and louder, O.S.

BOSS (O.S.)
...because it's crap, that's why I don't like it! Your taste is in your ass! What is it with you people? Doesn't anyone here have a brain? No, wait. I take that back. You don't need a brain. You need some fucking Lima beans! You need some balls!

THE CAMERA ABRUPTLY STOPS AND PANS across the corridor to a conference room, crowded with black-suited EXECUTIVES. Their infuriated BOSS looks toward the open door.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Hey, you. What are you lookin' at?

REVERSE ANGLE: The messenger is HENRY, wearing jeans and a flannel shirt. His hair is long. His cheek still carries a faint scar, but otherwise he looks...better than ever.

HENRY
Who? Me?

BOSS
Something in here interest you?

HENRY
Er...not particularly, no, sir.

BOSS
Then what the fuck you lookin' at?

Smiling, Henry turns and starts to walk away.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey, where do you think you're going? I'm not through with you.

Henry keeps on walking...keeps on smiling.

BOSS (CONT'D)
I swear to Christ, you people are all dicks! Assholes! I can't even find a fuckin' messenger around here who knows which end is up! Get back here, you piece of shit!

129 CONTINUED:

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HENRY. His smile never disappears, but his FACE DOES. His features wash away until he looks like a white, marble statue.

BOSS (CONT'D)
GET BACK HERE!

Henry stops walking.

HENRY
Yes, sir. I'm coming.

As he turns back...

...the FRAME FREEZES, and we...

FADE TO BLACK.